

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '99

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, THE HERO OF MAFEKING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Sir William Lockhart—The Messrs. Paget.

IT is curious how little Englishmen knew of Sir William Lockhart, the late Commander-in-Chief in India (a fresh portrait of whom is given in "Small Talk"), yet he was one of the most remarkable Frontier Captains that our great Empire in the East has ever seen, and I can recall no man who had so much authority with natives, who was so much feared and so much loved by them—and in the East these two opposites come very near touching—since John Nicholson's name used to run like fire along the border.

I had the privilege of Sir William's acquaintance, and to me he was always the big, good-natured man, with a kind word, a greeting that made one feel he was glad to see one, and a ready invitation to dine, whether it was on the best fare that Simla could produce, or on the *murghi* that was being chased round the compound of the dak-bungalow by the Khitmagar and the Sweeper. Yet, though I cannot claim to have been on terms of close friendship with the great man who is gone, I lived at one time in very near touch with men who knew him intimately, who had been with him on all his exploring expeditions and all his campaigns, and I heard a thousand anecdotes of his iron nerve, of his apparent ignorance that any such thing as danger existed, and of the marvellous command he had over natives.

Like many other really great men, it was some time before he and the "little tin gods on the mountain-side" could agree at all as to what duct his genius was to be turned into. He was a fine horseman, and it seemed at first as if it was to be always his bad luck to be compelled to be an infantryman. He was appointed to a native infantry regiment, and sent to learn his work with "The Fighting Fifth," one of the finest British regiments in the Service; but he managed to escape from his infantry duties when the Bhutan War broke out, and he was for a time Adjutant of the 14th Cavalry. What cavalry were used for in a land that consists chiefly of precipices, I do not know; but he did his work in the land of pig-tailed giants, who tried to destroy their enemies by "booby-traps" and arrows, so well that he went out to Abyssinia as A.D.C. to the Cavalry Brigadier.

Then, after another period of service as an infantryman, his genius as an explorer found a vent. In all the obituary notices that have been written of him, I have seen no mention of an expedition, of which I have been given details time and time again, that he and some other adventurous spirits made in the No-Man's Land which lies between India and Burmah, and during which he showed in a high degree those qualities that made all natives stand in awe of him. I believe this expedition was made to discover the sources of the Irrawaddy.

Of all treacherous Asiatic tribes, those on the road to Chitral are the worst. General Lockhart was the head of a mission sent up the Chitral road, and went with his life in his hand. When asked what escort he would take, he answered that on such a journey a man required either an army or nobody. He took an escort so small that the Methars and Sultans and Rajahs would get very little satisfaction from a massacre, and he pretended to have implicit faith in his hosts. He played polo with the soft-mannered, pleasant gentlemen each of whom had the blood of a dozen murdered relatives on his hands, watched their dances, and rode out hawking with them, saw what he wanted to see, and returned safely to India.

As the military head of the Afghan Boundary Commission he was brought into contact with Russian officers and officials, and his genial manner went far to smooth down and straighten little points of disagreement. His despatches to the Government of India while on this Commission were singularly informal, and one, in which he informed the Military Secretary that the only news of the outside world he obtained was through the columns of a popular pink sporting paper, astonished the starchy Simla official world.

As a Frontier General he was at his best. The Black Mountain tribes pride themselves on being the most turbulent of all the clans on the border, and they and Sir William were old enemies, for he led two campaigns against them. When the news of his death reached the Black Mountain, every Pathan must have mourned his loss, for the hill-men took a perverse pride that, when they had to endure a beating, they should receive it at the hands of a first-class man. The feeling was reciprocated, for Sir William, in a way, loved his enemies, and took a special pleasure in fighting the Black Mountaineers.

General Lockhart was appointed to the Intelligence Department before the Indian Government had found out that explorers do not make the best heads of departments, and that the chief of the Intelligence should be an office-man with explorers under him. Sir William hated red-tape and a desk, and always wanted to go exploring himself instead of sending other men to do the work.

Messrs. S. and G. Paget have caught the contagion of the moment, and are going South. "Paget's Horse" are familiar words in our mouths now, and the corps of gentlemen that Mr. George Paget recruited is one of the finest that has embarked. Not having served in the Army and not having seen service under British colours, it was against the Regulations that Mr. George Paget should be given a commission in his own corps; but, like many other non-combatants, he feels a very natural desire to be near those in whom he takes an interest. Both the Messrs. Paget are fine sportsmen, and it may be that, once in South Africa, they will use their rifles in their country's cause.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Attempts to Relieve Mafeking—Watching and Waiting in Natal—Tranquillity Re-established at Bloemfontein—Clearing Cape Colony of Rebels—Capture of British Officers.

THE increasing severity of the plight of Mafeking has naturally had the effect of causing the relieving columns to redouble their efforts to reach the hard-pressed and plucky garrison there. One of these columns is operating from Kimberley, while another, under Colonel Plumer, is fighting its way towards the town from the North. This latter was sharply engaged at Lobatsi on the 15th inst. by General Snyman, who commands the Boer investing force. In the action that ensued the enemy were repulsed, but the cost at which the victory was achieved by Plumer's small column has not yet been definitely ascertained.

"B.-P." STILL UNDAUNTED.

Despite the distress to which the gallant garrison under him is subjected, their Commanding Officer—Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell—continues to be indefatigable in his efforts to keep up the spirits of all ranks serving under him. When, at length, the siege is raised, too much praise cannot be bestowed on him on this account. Joining the 13th Hussars in 1876, "B.-P." was promoted from this into the 5th Dragoon Guards, as Lieutenant-Colonel, in 1897. He has seen but comparatively little "regimental" service, however, as he has passed the greater portion of his military career in the performance of Staff and "special" duty. Much of this has been performed in South and West Africa, where he took part in the Matabeleland and Ashanti Campaigns. In this latter, he commanded the native levies engaged.

THE POSITION IN NATAL.

At the moment of writing, little is known of the movements of General Buller's forces, beyond the fact that they occupy a series of camps, extending from Eland's Laagte, in the east, to Acton Homes, in the west. Strong outposts have also been thrown forward towards the heights in the vicinity of these positions, and constant "sniping" between our patrols and those of the enemy takes place. The small town of Pomeroy, on the Zululand road, has been burned by the Boers, but little importance is officially attached to this. A battle, however, is considered to be imminent on the Basutoland border.

RESTORING TRANQUILLITY AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

Under the clement but firm rule of Lord Roberts, the Free State capital seems in a fair way of fast regaining its old prosperity, and that ex-hotbed of disaffection has now happily returned to its former condition of a peaceful and flourishing market-town. By the way, the Union Jack that once more floats triumphant over the city was wrought by the hands of Lady Roberts. It is made of silk, and has a shamrock woven into one of its corners.

To the south of Bloemfontein, a great deal of good and useful work has been done of late by Generals Gatacre, Clements, and Brabant—the respective commanders of three columns charged with the duty of advancing into the Free State from Cape Colony. Thus, on the 18th inst., the date of the last news received from this source, Gatacre had gained Springfontein, while on the following day Brabant was in occupation of Rouxville, a post beyond Aliwal North. Later on in the week, General Clements' Brigade was within easy distance of Phillipolis and Fauresmith, two towns which he intends passing through *en route* for Bloemfontein.

In conjunction with these various movements, the Scots Guards have been sent to Edenburg and Reddersburg, where they hold the railway, and a Cavalry Brigade has been despatched from Lord Roberts' headquarters in an easterly direction to Thabanchu for the purpose of receiving the proffered submission of the burghers there. As a natural result of these well-planned operations, a net is being slowly but surely drawn round the whole of the southern portion of the Free State.

STAMPING OUT REBELLION.

As is his invariable custom when on active service, Lord Kitchener has been displaying pronounced activity. Among his latest achievements in this direction was the successful occupation by him, at the beginning of last week, of the town of Prieska. This he effected with but little opposition, for the rebels laid down their arms and surrendered on his approach rather than wait for his lordship's well-known "cold-steel" argument. The Transvaalers, on the other hand, fled incontinently across the river, as the investing force, composed mainly of our gallant Colonial comrades-in-arms, came into sight. Thirty-three of them, however, were taken prisoners, and two hundred stands of arms and a large quantity of ammunition were also secured.

THE PENALTY OF RASHNESS.

The latest news from the Free State is of a satisfactory nature, so far as the suppression of resistance to our authority goes. Particulars of an unfortunate episode, however, were telegraphed from Bloemfontein by Lord Roberts on Saturday night. From these it appears that on the previous day a small party of British officers, who had rashly ridden out from their camp on the Modder River, without a sufficient escort, had been fired upon by a party of Boers in ambush. As a result, one officer, the Hon. E. Lygon (Grenadier Guards), was killed, while Lieutenant-Colonels Crabbe and Codrington, and Captain Trotter, all Guardsmen, were wounded, tended by the Boers, and set free.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD ROBERT PREVOST WOODGATE, C.B., K.C.M.G.

FROM Natal a sad item of intelligence was received on Saturday last, in the death, on the 23rd inst., at Mooi River, of Major-General Sir E. R. P. Woodgate. The deceased officer was, it will be remembered, severely wounded in the recent Battle of Spion Kop, where he was in command of the British troops. In 1865

natives in Sierra Leone. This he brought to a successful conclusion by the capture of Bey Buri, the insurgent chief. Shortly after his return home, Sir Edward was appointed to the command of the 17th Regimental District, with headquarters at Leicester. In November last, however, he was sent out to South Africa in command of a brigade. His



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. R. P. WOODGATE, C.B., K.C.M.G., WHO DIED FROM THE SEVERE HEAD-WOUND HE RECEIVED AT SPION KOP.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

he entered the Army, joining the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment. He saw active service in Abyssinia, Ashantee, and Zululand, and was, later on, instrumental in suppressing a revolt on the Gold Coast. Sent out there in April, 1898, he commanded the troops engaged in the expedition that was undertaken at that time against the rebellious

order of knighthood was conferred on him, on New Year's Day of the present year, for his valuable services in West Africa between 1898 and 1899. The late General was a man of great bodily activity, and a fine athlete. Mr. Woodgate, the celebrated Oxford oar, is a brother of his.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

AFTER having plodded along the streets for many years past to and from business without attracting any remark, I one day awoke, like Byron, to find myself famous. I know it was Byron, because my favourite leader-writer uses the phrase once every three months, turn and turn about with the leaves of Vallambrosa, Macaulay's New Zealander, and other things. Since Lord Salisbury's introduction, even the august *Times* has deigned to notice me, and a few days ago observed that "Sir E. Grey is not well known to the Man in the Street."

At first sight I thought that this was a slight upon myself; but, on thinking the matter over for twenty-four hours, I see that it is the other way about. It is one for Sir E. Grey, who has not yet attained true fame. There is an opening here for a new book of reference. A man may be in "Debrett" or in "Who's Who," but, if he is not in that unpublished work, "People Known to the Man in the Street," he is not really in the front rank. But they tell me that Sir E. Grey is young, and so he need not despair. Perhaps he will some day become known to me.

This is Boat-Race week, but you would hardly guess it from the whips of the 'busmen and cabbies. A few years ago, every driver sported a light- or dark-blue ribbon for a good month before the race, but this year I have hardly seen a bit of blue. Some cabbies have, even now, got the draggled red, white, blue, and green ribbons of St. Patrick's Day, which now look as if they had been drowned as effectually as the shamrock itself.

Even Hammersmith and Putney have hardly got any blue about. In fact, the War has so occupied our thoughts that the Race passes almost unnoticed. I remember when all the cabbies at Putney, Hammersmith, and Barnes used to carry two bunches of ribbon, one in the pocket and one on the whip, to be changed as the policy of catching a fare demanded. I hope they will hoist their colours during the next day or two, because I have a street almanack, and the two Blues are one of the signs of the seasons in it, and mark the coming of Spring. I believe in the country they go by the trees and hedges, but in London we go by the rival Blues at this time of year. And that is why every self-respecting 'busman wears a white hat on the First of May.

But still there has been the usual crowd on the tow-path at Putney for the last two Saturdays. One thing I missed at the riverside, and that was the fair which used to be held on the waste piece of ground to the south of Hammersmith Bridge. There used to be steam merry-go-rounds, swing-boats, cocoanut-shies, and rifle-galleries; but now there is absolute desolation there, and there are signs that flats are going to be erected. If this is the case, the houses will command a splendid view of the struggle at Hammersmith Bridge.

I found a shop in the Strand two days ago which had light-blue ties in its window. But the majority of fancy ties are khaki and red, or khaki and the Union Jack. The War has swamped the Boat-Race, and the portraits of Generals have superior attractions to those of the portraits of the two crews.

At the end of last week we were all laughing at the Boer announcement that the Russians had occupied London. Coming through Trafalgar Square, a 'busman pointed to the announcement with his whip and said, "That's another Kruger!"

Judging by the gaunt, cream-coloured gallows which have been erected at stated intervals along Cockspur Street and thereabouts, I expect that the authorities are going to give us the electric-light. And a good job too, for—I hope no foreigners will read this—London is abominably lighted. It is so huge that the gas-lamps all seem swallowed up in the gloom.

I hope the Vestry, or whoever it is, will light up soon, for the L.C.C. has been in one of its tyrannous fits, and threatens us with the extinction of flashlight advertisements, which used to shed some light on the darkness. It is quite cheerful to come across somebody's soap or camera spelling itself out with little jerks of red or white flame, and throwing a brilliant if blinking light on the pavement. I presume the advertisements are held to be immoral, but they never did me any harm.

There seems to be some muddle about Easter this year, as the first full-moon after March 21 falls on April 15, at one o'clock in the morning. Consequently, they say that Easter Sunday ought not to be on April 15, but on April 22. This is a very confusing year. It ought to be leap-year, and yet it is not, and Easter ought to be on April 22, and yet it is not. The good old last-century remedy of hanging an almanack-maker seems to be required.

Two Men in the Street were arguing on this point. One was for Easter on April 15, and the other for Easter on April 22, so they appealed to a third man, who knew quite as little about the matter as either of them. He decided that both were right, and that there are two Easters this year, and, consequently, two Easter Monday Bank Holidays. He announced that he was going off at once to inform his principal of the fact, and to ask him to make the necessary arrangements.

THE COMING BOAT-RACE.

TO the Oxford University crew the sympathies of all will, without doubt, be this year extended. Even from the rosy-red lips of the fair maiden who always favours Cambridge, chiefly because the lighter hue of the blue is, to her mind, the more becoming, one may confidently expect to hear regret in some form or another. The attack of scarlet fever which deprived the crew of the valuable services of F. W. Warre, the O.U.B.C. President, the refusal, for private reasons, of Harcourt Gold to fill the vacancy, cast, as it were, a gloom over the practice at Henley, and this could scarcely be said to have been dispelled when, on arriving at Putney, influenza claimed M. C. M. Thornhill as a victim, and, soon after, his substitute, H. H. Dutton, became indisposed. Fortunately, the last-named recovered quickly, and the work done by the crew on Tuesday and Wednesday in last week helped to create a certain amount of confidence. Thursday's trials, too, against scratch crews were not by any means the most indifferent displays shown by a crew from either University, and from this there appeared to be some hope for Oxford, after all. The experiences of Cambridge have been the very reverse of the sister University. The Light Blues did well at home, and they have gone on improving since they left. So fit were they at the close of last week that the probability of their becoming stale before the day of the race, March 31, was mooted. Judiciousness has, however, characterised the course pursued by Messrs. Dudley-Ward and Muttelbury, the coaches, and though Oxford may, as suggested above, be able to make a creditable show,

CAMBRIDGE WILL, BAR ACCIDENT, DO AS THEY DID
LAST YEAR—WIN.

The race will be rowed at 1.30 p.m. on Saturday next.

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
H. H. Dutton (Magdalen) (bow)	10	10½
2. R. Culme-Seymour (New)	11	10
3. C. E. Johnstone (New)	13	2
4. C. W. Tomkinson (Balliol)	12	0
5. Lord Grimston (Christchurch)	13	10
6. H. B. Kittermaster (Christchurch)	14	5½
7. E. B. Etherington-Smith (Oriel)	11	5½
C. P. Rowley (Magdalen) (stroke)	11	13½
G. S. MacLagan (Magdalen) (cox.)	8	9

CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
S. B. Cockerell (Third Trinity) (bow)	11	9½
2. C. J. M. Adie (First Trinity)	12	1½
3. B. W. D. Brooke (First Trinity)	11	11
4. J. E. Payne (Peterhouse)	12	13
5. R. B. Etherington-Smith (First Trinity)	12	12
6. R. H. Sanderson (First Trinity)	13	0½
7. W. Dudley-Ward (Third Trinity)	12	9½
J. H. Gibbon (Third Trinity) (stroke)	11	8
G. A. Lloyd (Third Trinity) (cox.)	9	7

That remarkably comfortable saloon-steamboat, the *Queen Elizabeth*, will take a party from the Old Swan Pier next Saturday morning to Barnes to lunch merrily and view the Boat-Race.

The London and South-Western Railway Company announce that special trains for Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake will on Saturday leave Waterloo, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction from 11.15 a.m., returning after the Race. Tickets are issued to view the Race from Barnes Railway Bridge, price ten shillings.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETICS.

ATTENTION has been drawn away from many things, sporting and otherwise, this year. Athletics at the Universities come under the category of events that have suffered to this extent. After the splendid performances accredited to several at the Cambridge University Sports, however, there was no need to cry out about lack of interest. The effect was as startling as the bursting of a lyddite shell among the Boers, though no one was the worse for it. A. R. Hind, of Trinity Hall, won the 100 Yards Race—in 9½ sec., so the official timekeeper declared! And it was so returned, of course. Then H. A. Jones, Jesus, cleared 22 ft. 5½ in. in the Long Jump, but this most excellent performance was put completely into the shade by Jones himself in the match between Cambridge University and the London Athletic Club. He cleared 23 ft. 2 in., and some expect that against Oxford at the Queen's Club, on March 30, he will do even better than that. It is just on the cards that he will, for he has a wonderfully easy style and plenty of confidence. W. G. Paget-Tomlinson, of Trinity Hall, won the Hurdles in 16½ sec.; H. W. Workman, Pembroke, the Half-mile Race in 1 min. 58 sec., and F. G. Cockshott, Trinity, the Mile Race in 4 min. 26½ sec. Oxford cannot show such records as the above, one of which—the 9½ sec. of Hind—at least must not be taken unreservedly. The track at Cambridge is very fast, and the watches used there have more than once been proved to run slowly. I do not accept the idea that the Sports will be won in hollow fashion by Cambridge. There are many things to be considered. Excitement wrought of desire to win has a leavening influence, and, though the majority of events will, I think, be scored by the Light Blues, the balance in their favour will be a light one.

"SKETCH" SIDE-LIGHTS OF THE WAR.

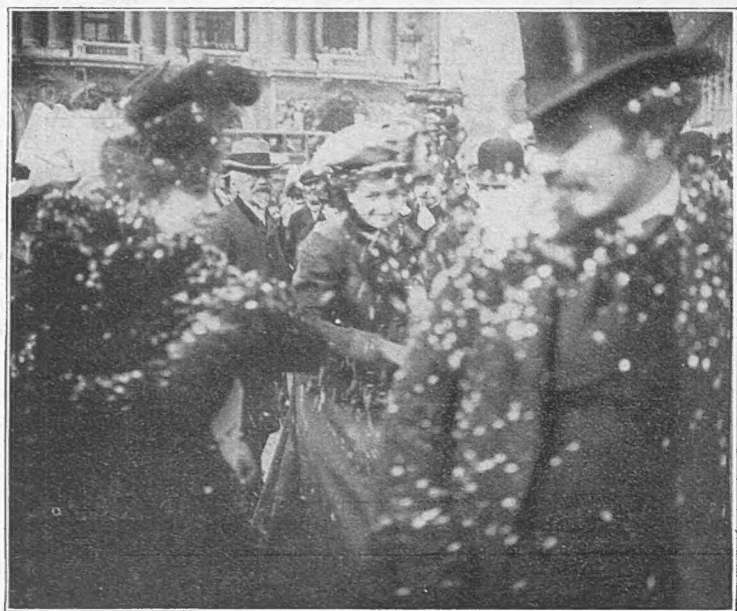


"SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN" IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL, WYNBERG CAMP.



THE SURRENDER OF CRONJÉ: CHEERING SIR ALFRED MILNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

MI-CARÊME ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.



GAY PARISIENNES SEND THE PAPER CONFETTI FLYING.

Photo by Géniaux Frères, Paris.

MI-CARÊME IN PARIS.

It was notably fitting in this Paris Exposition year of grace that the Mi-Carême celebration in the Gay City should have been exceptionally jolly. How merrily the people promenading in dense masses on the boulevards last Thursday pelted one another with paper confetti is well indicated in one of *The Sketch* snapshots. The Queen of the Halles, Mdlle. Clotilde Ozouf, won the Élysée bracelet.

A photographer's error of an exceedingly regrettable nature crept into the last Number of *The Sketch*, I regret to say. One of the snapshots from South Africa was entitled "View of Cape Town and the ill-fated transport *Rapidan*, which was wrecked with horses and guns." I cannot understand how our contributor came to make such an unfortunate mistake. Messrs. Furness, Withy, and Co., Limited, of 4, Fenchurch Avenue, in courteously pointing out the error, state that "no mishap happened to this steamer at the above place whatever, and she is still running on the seas." I am very glad the *Rapidan* is "going strong," and sincerely wish her *bon voyage* for the rest of her days.

The Sketch cordially supports the candidature of Mr. Horace B. Marshall, one of the most estimable and benevolent of publishers, for the office of Grand Treasurer of the Masonic Brotherhood at the election in December next. Head of the great firm of Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, of Temple House, Temple Avenue, E.C., W. Bro. H. B. Marshall has been a liberal and steadfast subscriber to the noble charitable institutions which are the pride of Freemasons. He has served as Steward to each of the three Charities every year since his initiation by his father in the Royal Hanover Lodge in 1886. The late Mr. Horace Marshall was chosen Grand Treasurer in 1889, and it would be probably unique in the history of Freemasonry in this country for a son to succeed to this post of honour and dignity, as *The Sketch* hopes W. Bro. H. B. Marshall will. Brethren desiring to contribute to this result should communicate with W. Bro. Langton (Under-Sheriff), 12, New Inn, Strand.

The theatrical tableaux from "Florodora" and "Don Juan's Last Wager" in last week's *Sketch* were justly admired. They were among the masterpieces of artistic photography, and reflected considerable credit upon the London Stereoscopic Company, of Regent Street and Cheapside. It is to be regretted that the name of another eminent firm was printed inadvertently underneath all the "Florodora" photographs but one, especially as the London Stereoscopic Company distinguished itself so much by securing absolutely lifelike portraits of Mr. Willie Edouin, Miss Kate Cutler, and other brilliant "stars" of the Lyric Company.

The last of the Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Balls took place last Friday night, and crowned with success the winter season of festivities at the Royal Opera House, so well managed throughout by Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth. The magnificent theatre has now to be prepared for Royal Opera. The Covent Garden directors have the satisfaction of knowing that the subscription-list is already larger than last year's. They have done wisely to decide upon opening on May 14 with Madame Melba in "Roméo et Juliette," for the sweet prima-donna Melbourne gave us is now the most charming songstress in the world.

"THE SKETCH" ROYAL IRISH SUPPLEMENT.

An enthusiastically loyal reception, I rejoice to hear, is being prepared for Her Majesty on her arrival in Dublin next week. To commemorate this auspicious event (which will doubtless send hosts of tourists to the verdant beauty-spots of the Emerald Isle), "The Sketch" of Wednesday next, April 4, will comprise a "Royal Irish Supplement," composed of Portraits of the Queen and of the Irish Generals who have helped to make the Empire; Irish Valour in the Boer War, illustrated; photographs of Earl and Countess Cadogan, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin, Picturesque Views in Ireland, and a variety of Readable Articles. Newsagents are respectfully requested to order their copies early to secure a supply. Price 6d., as usual.



LA FÉE DES EAUX IN THE MI-CARÊME FESTIVAL.

Photo by Géniaux Frères, Paris.

HAYMARKET. THE RIVALS.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINEES SATURDAY NEXT and WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, at 2.30.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (with the whole of Mendelssohn's music).
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (Doors at 8).
THE MAN OF FORTY, by Walter Frith.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.
EXTRA MATINEES OF RUPERT OF HENTZAU—owing to heavy demand—will be given on
SATURDAY NEXT, March 31, and WEDNESDAY, April 4, at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. E. Arnold) 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
THE MOST ATTRACTIVE AND UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
PARIS, THE RIVIERA, AND ITALY, VIA NEWHAVEN,
DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. The Cheapest Route, 21-knot Steamers. The Royal Mail Route.
Two Express Services from London daily, 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. Through Bookings and
Registration of Baggage.
Full Particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 31.
TRAINS from WATERLOO, VAUXHALL, and CLAPHAM JUNCTION to PUTNEY,
BARNES, and MORTLAKE, at frequent intervals, as required, from 11.15 a.m., returning after
the Race.

TRAINS leave LUDGATE HILL at 8.29, 9.16, 10.30, 11.29 a.m., and 12.20 p.m. for HAMMER-
SMITH, arriving 9.11, 9.59, 11.13 a.m., 12.13, and 1.3 p.m. respectively. These trains call at
Borough Road, Elephant and Castle, Walworth Road, Cumberwell New Road (not 8.29 a.m.),
Loughborough Junction, Brixton, and Clapham.

The Company's Station at Putney is very near the starting-point, and Mortlake Station is
within a few hundred yards of the finish of the race.

BARNES RAILWAY BRIDGE.
TICKETS TO VIEW THE RACE, price 10s. each (including the Railway-Fare from any
London and South-Western Station within 12 miles to Barnes and back), can be obtained at the
following Offices—

30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; Exeter
Building, Arthur Street West, London Bridge; and the Booking-Office, Waterloo Station.
Applications by post must be accompanied by remittance.

SPECIAL TRAIN for holders of these tickets only will leave Waterloo (Central Station),
No. 3 Platform, for Barnes Bridge direct, at 12.55 p.m., returning to Vauxhall and Waterloo
about ten minutes after the Race.

* These Offices will remain open until 10 p.m., and the Office marked + until 8 p.m., on Friday,
March 31, for the sale of Barnes Bridge and other tickets.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

Eleventh Edition; 24th Thousand; Cloth, 1/6; Paper Cover, 1/- Of all Booksellers.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R. Coll. Phys. Lond. Part I.—Content's: Evil of Corpulency—
Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy,
&c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at
any age—Quick Medicines, Acids, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous,
temporary, or useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work,
Exercise, &c., &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

Opinion of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of
obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN has pleasure in announcing
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"ARDEN MASSITER": a Novel of Italian
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Loves, by ALAN McAULAY. To be had at the
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London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Preparing for the Queen's Visit.

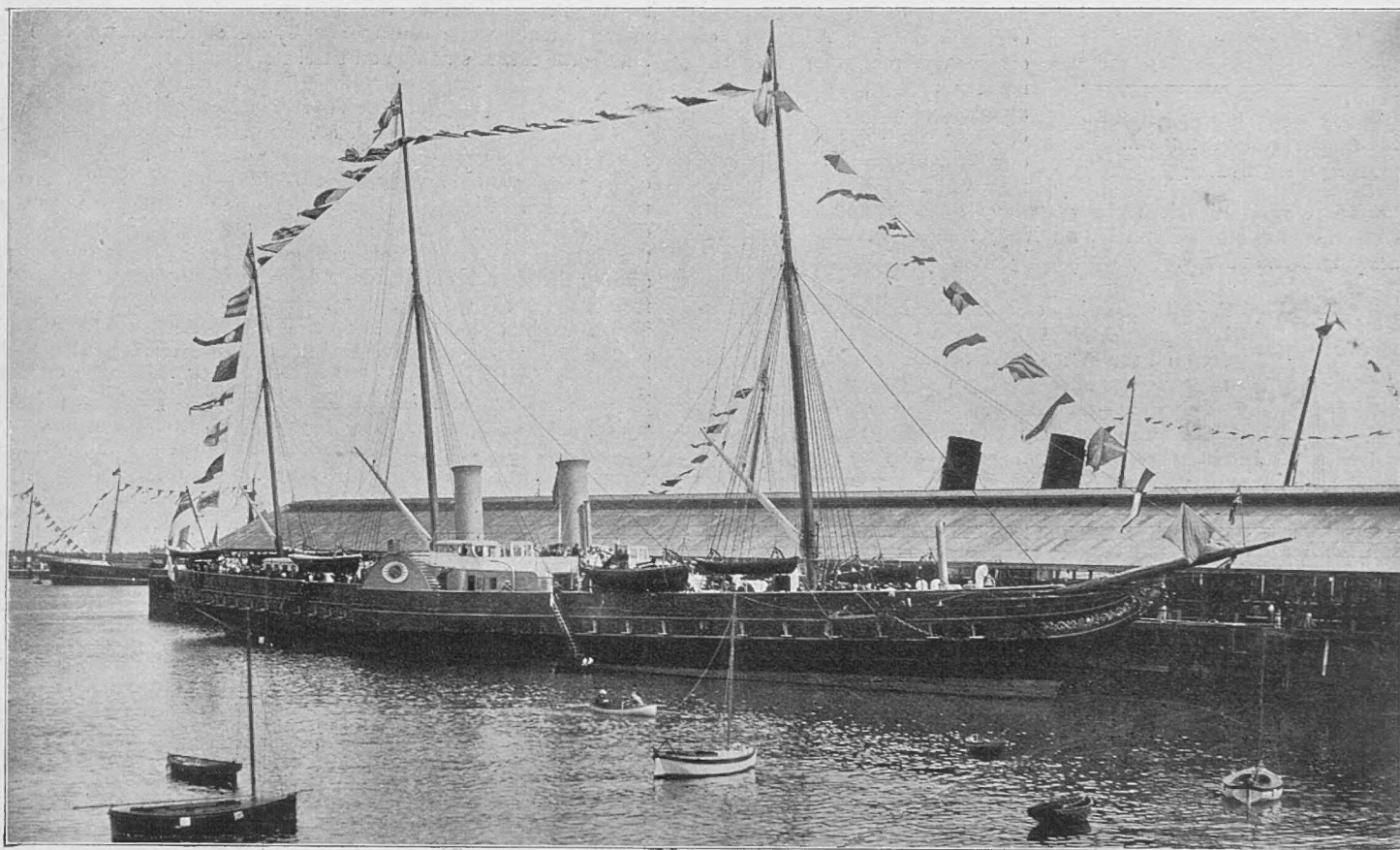
The Viceregal Lodge, which is now being actively prepared for Her Majesty's reception, is a delightful example of the eighteenth-century Irish country-house. It was built by an ancestor of the present Lord Leitrim, but has been the property of the British Government for over a hundred years. The beautiful rooms which are being arranged for the Sovereign's occupation are very fine, and all open the one from the other in the French fashion; indeed, the ornate decoration and handsome ceilings of each apartment strongly recall the smaller rooms of the Palace of Versailles. The windows command exquisite views of the Phoenix Park in the immediate foreground, and of the Wicklow mountains in the far distance. There are some lovely drives in the vicinity, and—as on the former occasions of the Queen's visits to Ireland Her Majesty's time was fully filled up each day with official visits and receptions—it is to be hoped that this time the Sovereign will be able to see something of the very lovely country surrounding the city.

Royal Visits to Ireland.

The enthusiasm manifested in all quarters in connection with the Queen's approaching visit to Ireland imparts interest to the circumstance that Her Majesty, with the single exception of Richard II., who was in Ireland twice, is the only English monarch who has paid more than one

Royal Visit to the Herbert Hospital.

The Herbert Hospital is really nearer Blackheath than Woolwich. It is situated in a splendid position on Shooter's Hill, probably one of the healthiest spots near London. The building can accommodate about seven hundred patients, and, of course, the bulk of the cases treated there each year have no connection with active service. Under ordinary circumstances, the seven Sisters belonging to the "R.A.M.C." have under their orders a hundred and thirty non-commissioned officers and orderlies; but the staff has been somewhat depleted for service at "the front," one of the most popular Sisters having been in Ladysmith throughout the whole course of the siege. The Herbert Hospital received one of the first contingents of wounded sent home from South Africa, some specially interesting surgical cases having resulted from the Battles of Estcourt and Eland's Laagte. The Queen's visit last Thursday came at a very opportune moment, the *Winifredian* having just brought home a hundred and fifty sick and wounded soldiers from "the front," who had been immediately drafted to the Herbert Hospital. Apropos of our great military hospitals, nothing can be more excellent than the way in which all the catering is done; every luxury is provided for the patients, and during December the chicken bill alone was £150! Everything connected with the kitchen department is not only first-rate, but really dainty, the cooks having been thoroughly trained at Netley. Very



THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WHICH WILL BE USED BY THE QUEEN FOR HER FORTHCOMING VISIT TO IRELAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

visit to Erin's Isle. Since the Norman Conquest, only six other Sovereigns have been in Ireland. Henry II. made a somewhat prolonged stay in that country; King John was there for a brief period in 1210; and, after a long interval, the next English monarch, who crossed the Irish Channel was Richard II. For nearly three hundred years subsequently Ireland was unvisited by any English King, till 1688, when James II. arrived in Ireland, whence, two years afterwards, he was expelled by William III. In 1821, George IV. stayed almost a month in the Emerald Isle; and after an interval of twenty-eight years, Royalty again visited Ireland in the person of our gracious Sovereign, who made her first acquaintance with Irish soil in August 1849. The Queen again went to Ireland in 1860 and 1861, her visits taking place in August of both these years.

The Queen and her Wounded Soldiers.

Although it is a long time since the Queen last went to Woolwich, Her Majesty during the earlier half of her reign was a constant visitor to the famous military town, and she took a vivid personal interest in the building of the Herbert Hospital, so called, of course, in honour of the present Lord Pembroke's father, the Mr. Sidney Herbert who was not only Secretary of State for War during the Crimean Campaign, but to whom the nation may be said to have owed the discovery of Miss Florence Nightingale, for she was his personal friend, and she went out to the Crimea in response to an appeal made by him.

touching was it to read of the Queen's sympathetic words to each patient as she was wheeled down the wards, and the delight of the men at receiving the beautiful bouquets handed them by Her Majesty in her own gracious way.

Some Drawing-Room Gowns and their Wearers.

Beautiful and elaborate as is nowadays even the simplest Court-gown, it by no means follows that the wearer will necessarily look her best in her Drawing-Room dress; still, it may be safely asserted that some of our great ladies never show to better advantage than when appearing in what our French neighbours style *une grande toilette*. This is especially true of the lovely Duchess of Montrose, who, although the mother of five grown-up children, has retained the beauty for which she was celebrated as Miss Violet Hermione Graham. When leading her usual quiet, busy life at Buchanan Castle, the Duke of Montrose's splendid place on Loch Lomond, the Duchess dresses exceedingly simply, for she is very fond of an outdoor life, and often accompanies her children in long walking expeditions.

Matrons and Débutantes.

A considerable distinction is very rightly made between the Drawing-Room dress of a matron and that of a débutante. This was notably the case at the Princess of Wales's first Drawing-Room. To take but one example—Mrs. Arthur Paget, while herself appearing in a very elaborate frock (a

symphony in pale-green satin and rare French lace, relieved with truly gorgeous sables set off with emeralds and diamonds), had dressed her daughter, Miss Leila Paget, in quite a simple and yet exceedingly pretty gown of sprigged net and lace insertion, the cream-satin train being overlaid with sprays of white lilac, this apparently simple combination suiting the brilliant complexion and soft dark hair of the wearer to

perfection. Another debutante whose somewhat severely plain gown suited her sparkling style and masses of beautiful hair to perfection was Miss E. Irwin. In excellent contrast were the Drawing-Room gowns of Lady Ripley and her daughter, Lady Ripley being in a very successful black frock, while Miss Freda Ripley's gown of white chiffon over satin had the unusual addition of white feather-flowers, the satin train being simply bordered with tulle ruching.

More Débutantes. There were fewer sisters than usual, but the charming costumes of the two Misses Molyneux called for special commendation. A touch of originality, rarely found in the modern debutante's gown, was apparent both in the pretty dress worn by the young daughter of Mr. W. Wilson and that of Miss K. Swan. The



H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL
NICHOLAIEVITCH OF RUSSIA.

Photo by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

latter wore a very girlish train of white satin panne, lined with mousseline-de-soie, and trimmed with long, trailing wreaths of lily-of-the-valley and snowdrops.

The Queen and the Prerogative of the Viceroy.

A fact which has escaped the ken of nearly everybody is that, during the visit of the Queen to Ireland, the prerogative of the Lord-Lieutenant is temporarily abrogated. Under the usual official routine, Lord Cadogan exercises—nominally, at least—regal power. As Viceroy, he can confer knighthood, control the action of the Commander-in-Chief, remove Justices from the Commission of the Peace, pardon criminals, and suspend various Acts. Moreover, presentations at his Court are as valid as those made at Buckingham Palace or St. James's. But, directly the Sovereign lands on the other side of St. George's Channel, the Vice-King is temporarily deposed, and all edicts from the Castle are issued in the name of the Lady Paramount. It is not, perhaps, astonishing that this proof of some sort of Home Rule should be so little known; but it does seem strange that, during the Queen's stay at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin will be the capital of the British Empire.

The German Emperor and England.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that I learn, on very high authority, that the German Emperor, possibly accompanied by the Empress, will, in the probable event of hostilities having ended in South Africa, be in his yacht-of-war *Hohenzollern* off Cowes during the Regatta week, and take part in the matches on the Solent in the *Meteor*, or, very likely, in a new racer of which the lines were laid down last autumn. Of course, the semi-official German Press will at once declare that the Kaiser's visit will have no political significance; but the most cursory observer of humanity must have remarked that heads of households who are not only relatives, but also on intimate and friendly terms, never allow quarrels to arise between their servants. *Verb. sap.*

Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

The most important man in Russia, next to the Czar, is unquestionably the Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch, "Field-Marshal-General," Chief Aide-de-Camp to His Majesty, commander of the two chief Brigades of Artillery, and, more important still, President of the Imperial Council of Russia, a body which deals with all great matters of State submitted by the Czar, practically decides peace or war, acts as his Privy Council and as Regency in his absence abroad or the sudden demise of the Sovereign. To this all-important post the Grand Duke Michael has again been appointed for a year, he having held it during nearly the whole reign of both Czsars, father and son. The Grand Duke, who was born Oct. 13, 1832, is the third son of Czar Nicholas I. and the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, and married at Peterhof, Aug. 16, 1857, the Princess Cecilia of Baden, sister of the Grand Duke, who died in 1891. There are six children of the marriage, namely, Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelovitch, unmarried; the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the handsome young widow of the Grand Duke Frederick Francis III.; and the Grand Dukes Michael, George, Alexander, and Serge. The first-named is the husband of the lovely Comtesse de Torby and leader of Society at Cannes, where they reside in the exile pronounced upon him by the late Czar through his marrying a "commoner," an edict which, curiously enough, his powerful father has not been able to get revoked; whilst the Grand Dukes George and Serge are unmarried, and the Grand Duke Alexander, the Czar's brother-in-law, being the husband

of his elder sister Xenia, a notable naval officer. The Grand Duke Michael is the uncle of the Queen of the Hellenes and the Grand Duke Constantine, the translator and actor of Hamlet, whose portrait I gave the other day. His elder late brother, Constantine, was the famous capturer of Plevna, the "Ladysmith of the Balkans," but with reverse result. He is only distantly related to the Czar, being but the brother of his grandfather.

H.S.H. Prince Henry of Pless.

Having in *The Sketch* of March 14 published a portrait of the beautiful Princess Henry of Pless, on the occasion of the christening of her son and heir, the infant having the unique fortune of having the Kaiser as godfather in person and the Prince of Wales by deputy, I now also give a private and unconventional portrait of the Prince, taken in his splendid home in Silesia. He was, it may be remembered, prior to his marriage, Secretary to the German Embassy here, when he became a great favourite with the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, as well as in London Society, and his wedding to the beautiful Miss Cornwallis-West on Dec. 8, 1891, was a grand affair, which His Royal Highness and other members of his family attended. Prince John Henry XV. of Pless, Count von Hochberg, and Freiherr zu Fürstenstein, will enter upon his fortieth year on April 23, and is a Captain *à la suite* of Prussian Cavalry, his parents being Prince John Henry XI. and the late Countess Marie von Kleist, who died in 1883. *En passant*, it may be pointed out that in this, as in several other German Princely families, the numeral is given in sequence of birth to any Prince born in the family, which is somewhat confusing, and which is made worse confounded by all children, boys as well as girls, taking the father's name and title.

Prince Henry XI.

The present Prince Henry XI., who is now sixty-seven, married secondly, three years later, the Comtesse Mathilde von Dorna-Schlobitten, who was then twenty-five, and twenty-eight years younger than her husband—indeed, her step-son is a few months her senior. She belongs to one of the greatest noble families of Silesia, a family honoured with the intimacy of the Kaiser. By the second marriage there are two little children, a boy and a girl, and by the first, besides Prince John Henry, a daughter and two sons, the former being the wife of Count Frederick Solms-Baruth. The Pless family is a very old one, dating back to the thirteenth century; but the title of "Prince" was first conferred upon the head by the old Emperor at Gastein in 1881. The present Prince is a Hereditary Member of the Prussian House of Peers, a Knight of the Black Eagle, and Grand "Veneur" of Prussia. The family owns the enormous and valuable estates of Pless and Fürstenstein in Silesia, the father residing on the former, and the son on the latter. To all this property the little fellow just born and baptised with such pomp and grandeur is heir, a little sister having died in 1893. Once a year the Kaiser honours his faithful "vassal" with his company for the shooting in the domains where the Prince of Pless rules as a veritable miniature King.

A Grand War- Bazaar.

The National Bazaar in aid of Sufferers by the War at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, promises a golden harvest for this good cause. Under Royal patronage, it bids fair to be the most fashionable event of the London Season. The Bazaar is to be held in the Empress Rooms and adjoining grounds, placed at the disposal of the Committee. The stalls are to represent all the regiments now serving at "the front." In complying with a request to give publicity to the function, I may express an earnest hope that, bearing in mind the deplorable calamity which occurred at the Paris Charity Bazaar, the authorities will insist on every precaution being observed on the occasion to prevent an outbreak of fire, and to reduce to a minimum the perils of a panic. It is the more necessary to remind the Home Secretary, County Council, or whomsoever is responsible for safeguarding the public safety, of this obvious duty as, in spite of the recent burning of the Théâtre-Français, no steps have apparently been taken yet to prevent some leading London playhouses from being veritable death-traps in the event of a conflagration taking place. The stairs of our theatres are far too steep, passages too narrow and intricate, the stalls far too close together, and exits inadequate.



H.S.H. PRINCE HENRY OF PLESS.

Photo by Schiess, Fürstenstein.

Parliament Dull and Patriotic.

How dull the House of Commons has become! This was to have been an exciting Session: vehement attacks were to have been made on the War Office, and the Government was to be in jeopardy. Lord Roberts changed the programme. There is controversy as to how far his successful movement across the Free State affected Natal, but there is no question that it saved Her Majesty's Ministers from embarrassment at Westminster. They are making scarcely any effort to pass Bills, and they are getting as much money as they want. Attention is riveted to the War. Nothing else interests the House, and the Government care for nothing else. When war-news is scarce, members in the Lobby ask each other if there is to be a General Election in the summer. "Everything points that way," they agree. True, a storm in a tea-cup arose last Thursday through the high Donnybrook spirits of the Irish Nationalists; but Mr. Balfour soon poured oil on the troubled waters, and calm returned.

A Persistent Peer.

What can be done even in the House of Lords by persistency has been shown by the Earl of Lichfield. He has set himself to reduce the cost of telegrams to Tommy Atkins and his officer in South Africa. Red tape did not bind him. Cold answers did not freeze his zeal. One slight concession did not turn him aside. Week after week he has risen from the Liberal-Unionist quarter of the House of Lords, speaking with increasing confidence, until he has secured comparatively easy terms. Telegrams to and from soldiers at "the front" may now be sent at two shillings per word (instead of four shillings), thanks to the Eastern Telegraph Company! "Despair of Nothing" is the motto of the family, and Lord Lichfield has justified it. He is Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Governor being Lord Strathcona, who has steadily aided him in his efforts on behalf of the

absent soldiers. One of his seven brothers, Major Anson, of the 1st Highland Light Infantry, was A.D.C. to Lord Lansdowne when the latter was Governor-General of Canada. They are nephews of Lady Lansdowne, their mother, like her, having been a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn.

Mr. Powell Williams is one of the Liberal-Unionists whom Mr. Chamberlain took with him into the Government. All these have not been successful. Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. T. W. Russell have had no opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and are of less account than they were as private members. This, however, is their misfortune, not their



"BILLY," THE GOAT OF THE WELSH REGIMENT.

He marched into Bloemfontein at the head of his men.

fault. Mr. Powell Williams has benefited by the War and by Mr. George Wyndham's illness. Every night he has to answer various questions. Fortunately, he has humour, but even his sense of the ridiculous does not save him from the mastery of the Pall Mall officials. The House sometimes finds too much of the placeman in his style. It has had to speak its mind very freely about unscrupulous Army contractors before the Department would listen. Mr. Powell Williams was fifty-five before he became a subordinate member of the Government, so that he could scarcely shape for himself a new career on the Treasury Bench, but he has reflected no discredit on his chief, and in laughing at his jokes the House has forgotten his official airs.

A Popular "Blue."

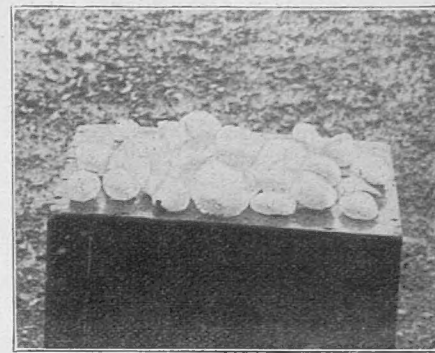
Viscount Grimston, who is rowing well in the Oxford Eight, and is thought by connoisseurs to be, on the whole, the best oar in the boat, will be twenty next month. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Verulam, who sat in the House for some years with the title now borne by his son. Lord Grimston's mother was one of the beautiful daughters of the late Sir Frederic Graham of Netherby, and he has for aunts the not less beautiful Duchess of Montrose and Mrs. Faber, the wife of the new Member for York. Lord Grimston was exceedingly popular at Eton, where he rowed in the Eton Eight both in 1898 and 1899; and at Christchurch he made hosts of friends by his frank *bonhomie* and love of manly sports.

Mrs. Asquith's Début.

Special interest attaches to the performances of "Forget-Me-Not," which are announced as going to take place on Thursday and Friday, in aid of the London Hospital Convalescent Home, and for Mr. Ivan Watson's Benefit, for it will be the first occasion on which Mrs. Asquith has appeared on even a miniature London stage. The cast also includes

another notable feminine personality, Miss Ethel Cadogan, a favourite member of the Queen's Household. At the time of the marriage of the then Home Secretary to Miss Margot Tennant, all sorts of wonderful things were prophesied as to the place which the bride would certainly take in political society. Curiously enough, these prophecies have not been borne out by fact.

During the last six years the one-time brilliant leader of the "Souls" has lived a comparatively retired life; still the centre of a cultivated and artistic group, still intensely interested in the inner and, it might almost be said, the secret world of high politics, but scarcely known by sight to the Liberal rank-and-file. It is said that Mrs. Asquith cherishes great ambitions, and that she hopes one day to see her husband Prime Minister of England. On the occasion of her wedding, which was one of the last great functions of the kind at which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone appeared together, the register was signed by the "G.O.M.," by Lord Rosebery, and by Mr. Balfour—"The past, the present, and the future Premier," someone whispered as the three men came out together from the vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square. Mrs. Asquith and her husband generally spend the greater part of the summer recess at St. Andrews, for they are both enthusiastic golfers.



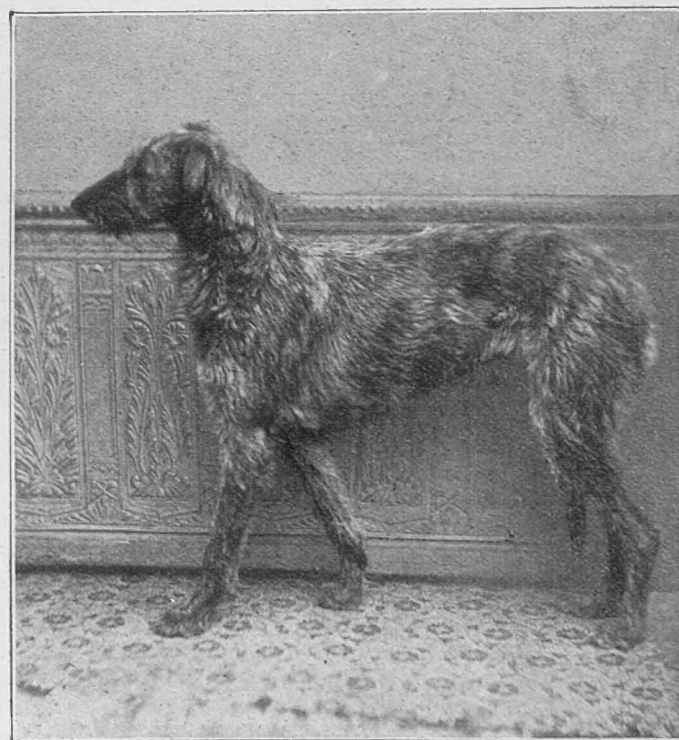
SOUTH AFRICAN HAILSTONES: RELIC OF A RECENT STORM.

Hail War in South Africa.

As illustrating the peculiarities of the climate with which our forces at the Cape have to do battle, as well as with the Boers, the accompanying photo, sent by a gentleman at Cradock, Cape Colony, will be interesting. It is a photograph of the hailstones that fell recently in that district. The biggest measured nine inches in circumference, and, needless to say, were almost deadly. The hailstorm wrought great havoc on the farms, where the immense stones killed numbers of valuable ostriches.

The Deerhound Avening Queenie.

This lovely young deerhound, owned and bred by Mr. R. I. Calcutt, of the Lodge, Avening, Gloucestershire, was, with her litter brother, Avening Rosswal, brought out by him at Cruft's Show, in February, where she proved herself one of the sensations of the day, or rather, of the three days over which it lasted. She took first honours in a puppy class for both sexes, Avening Rosswal coming second. She was also third in a very strong novice class for dogs and bitches. At Cheltenham, on March 21 and 22, she was again a prize-winner—no small honour for a ten-months-old puppy. Avening Queenie is by Scottish Chief—Laura. This lovely young representative of one of Britain's three most ancient breeds of dogs is a blue-brindle in colour with black points. The *Kennel Journal* of the current month speaks of her as one of the best and most promising puppies ever brought out.



THE SCOTTISH DEERHOUND "AVENING QUEENIE," WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE AT CRUFT'S SHOW.

Photo by Bradshaw, Newgate Street, E.C.

A Smart London Wedding.

At All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, on St. Patrick's Day, the pretty wedding took place of the Hon. Oliver Howard, third son of the Earl of Carlisle, and Miss Muriel Stephenson, only daughter of Mr. Russell Stephenson, of 56, Rutland Gate, S.W. Mr. Howard's brother, the Hon. Hubert Howard, it will be remembered, was killed by the bursting of a shell outside Omdurman, whilst acting as Special Correspondent of the *Times*, which proved once more the terrible risks our able War-Correspondents run in obtaining information at "the front." The wedding was graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and a host of other well-known people, including Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lord and Lady Lichfield, Lord Kilmarnock, Lady Avebury and the Hon. Misses Lubbock, Lady Dunmore, Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., and Lady Gough, Lord and Lady Waldegrave, and Lord and Lady Hatherton. The Rev. the Hon. Bertrand Pleydell-Bouverie officiated, assisted by the Vicar of All Saints' Church. The Hon. Geoffrey Howard, brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and the bride was given away by her father.

The Dresses and the Bridesmaids.

The bride wore a lovely gown of rich ivory satin, trimmed with old Brussels lace, and made with a full Court-train draped with fine tulle, her veil being of the same soft material and covering a coronet of natural orange-flowers in the hair. She was attended by Lord Morpeth's little son,

who accompanied Lord Roberts in his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar; and so did her five bridesmaids, who wore very pretty dresses of shamrock-green crêpe-de-Chine and large white hats. The bride selected a wedding-dress of rich white satin, and wore a lovely old Honiton-lace veil, whilst her ornaments included a diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom, and a gold chain and diamond pendant, a present from Lord and Lady Roberts. Her train was carried by two smart little girls dressed in shamrock-green to match the bridesmaids' dresses. The Hon. Everard Feilding was best man, and the Rev. Canon Robinson, of Westminster, officiated. The doors of the chapel and the approach were kept by a body of the Warders of the Tower in their quaint uniforms (commonly called by a name which they detest, namely, "Beefeaters"). Lady Gough afterwards welcomed the wedding-guests at the Queen's House in the Tower, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. J. R. N. Macphail left for the Channel Islands for their honeymoon. Mr. Macphail is the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Macphail, the well-known Scottish divine.

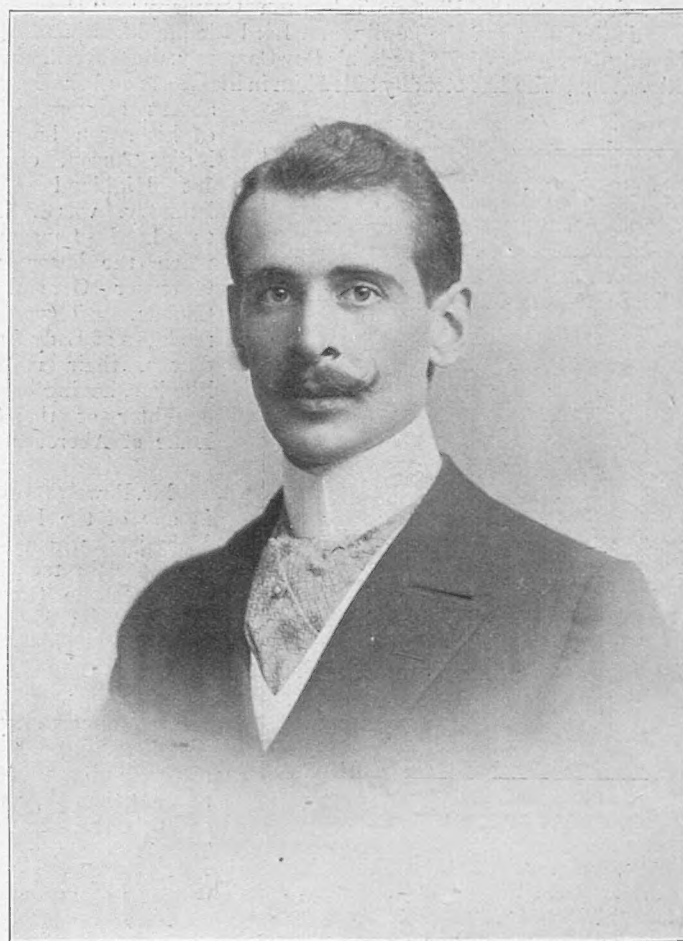
Some New Nonsense Verses by Kipling.

The "R.A.M.C." Nurses now at "the front" are sending home to their friends some interesting accounts of their experiences, and, in lighter vein, of their adventures on the voyage out. Very fortunate were those who journeyed to the Cape on the *Kinfauns Castle*, for they had Mr. Kipling as a fellow-passenger. Unlike most poets, he is thoroughly good-natured in the matter of turning out, on the shortest



Photo by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

MISS MURIEL STEPHENSON.



THE HON. OLIVER HOWARD, SON OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

MARRIED AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, ENNISMORE GARDENS, ON MARCH 17

the Hon. George Howard, a nephew of the bridegroom, and the Hon. Helen Plunket, the small daughter of Lord Plunket. The little boy wore a suit of green velvet, and the little girl a white muslin frock with a pale-pink sash. There were also six bridesmaids: Lady Dorothy Howard (sister of the bridegroom), Lady Bertha Anson, Lady Wilfreda Waldegrave, the Hon. Norah Strutt, Miss Cockburn, and Miss Hamilton, who wore dresses of white Liberty satin, trimmed with white silk guipure, and shamrock-green sashes, their large black hats being adorned with black ostrich-feathers and tulle. To each the bridegroom gave a green enamel shamrock-brooch. The reception was afterwards held at 56, Rutland Gate, and, later, the Hon. Oliver and Mrs. Howard left for Naworth Castle, near Carlisle (one of Lord Carlisle's seats), where they will spend the honeymoon. Among the hundreds of beautiful and costly wedding-presents was a diamond brooch and fur collar from Princess Louise and a diamond trefoil-brooch from the Marquis of Lorne.

Wedding in the Tower of London.

Seldom has the old grey Tower presented such an animated scene as it did on the afternoon of Thursday last, when Miss Nora Helen Gough and Mr. J. R. N. Macphail were married in the ancient Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, situated within the Tower. The bride looked radiantly happy as she walked up the aisle leaning upon the arm of her father (General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower, and

notice, nonsense verse and parodies. Most of the papers quoted last week his new verses on "The Wearin' o' the Green." In lighter vein were the amusing lines which do not seem to have attracted to the same extent public attention, and which were written by him while going out in the *Kinfauns Castle*. It seems that, among the many ways devised by the clever captain of making the voyage seem less long, a questions competition was organised, and among the questions set was, "How many hams have twenty pigs?" One of the Army Nurses on board immediately answered, "Eighty," and this answer was adjudged correct by Mr. Merrilees—whose decision, it had been arranged, should be considered final—amid the amazement of several of the other ladies, who at last suggested that the butcher should be called! Mr. Kipling sided with the malcontents, as was shown by the following verses, which were soon scribbled down by him and which excited great amusement among all the passengers—

All things were made in seven days
By God the great designer;
He gave each pig two hams apiece,
Save on a Castle Liner.

Save at the *Kinfauns Castle* sports,
As judged by Merrilees,
And then the little squeakers had
As many as you please!

"A Born Leader of Men."

By the death of Sir William Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Empire loses one of its best Generals. Well might Lord George Hamilton say of him that "he was a born leader of men." A splendid soldier, and stern on points of discipline, his disposition was so kindly and genial that he won the liking as well as the confidence of his



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

men. With the exception of Lord Roberts, who is revered as a divine personage by many of the tribes, no General in India in recent times has been followed by the Indian Army, British or native, with more loving devotion than the dead Scotsman who was of the ancient race of the lairds of Milton Lockhart.

The late Commander-in-Chief in India was the youngest of three brothers, all of whom have been in the Service. The oldest of the three, General Lockhart of Milton Lockhart, still survives. The second was Laurence, a man of brilliant literary gifts, a wit, a mimic, and a prince of good fellows. All the brothers might quite naturally have been men of letters, for the literary faculty was theirs by inheritance. John Gibson Lockhart, their uncle, was the Lockhart of the *Quarterly*, who wrote "The Life of Scott."

But the late General was above everything a soldier, and the dearest wish of his heart was to die on the battlefield. His courageous nature made him take risks other men not perhaps less brave, but more careful of themselves, would not have essayed. Thus he went out of his way to take a hand with the Dutch troops, when he was on a holiday, in the storming of Lambada in Acheen. Thereafter struck down by fever, he was given up by the doctors, but brought himself back from the gates of death by sheer force of will. He was twenty-five years younger then, and, alas! the day came when no force of will was of any avail. *Requiescat!*

A Wounded War-Correspondent. I met Mr. Knight, the wounded *Morning Post* Correspondent, in Piccadilly the other day, and he told me that he actually wants to go back to "the front" (!)—as undaunted as Mr. Savage Landor, who is meditating another holiday-trip through Tibet. Mr. Knight looks perfectly well, though his right arm has been removed from the shoulder-joint; but he suffered dreadfully from dysentery and fever after being wounded, and has been some time in Guy's Hospital and at the seaside. He can already write pretty well with his left hand; but is this enough for the rough life of a War-Correspondent?

The fact has been recalled that Major Gordon Wilson, who, with his wife, Lady Sarah Wilson, is shut up in beleaguered Mafeking, is

the Eton boy that so pluckily "went for" the lunatic, Roderick Macdonald, who attempted to assassinate the Queen at Windsor Railway Station in 1882. The miscreant fired at Her Majesty when in the act of entering her carriage with Princess Beatrice, but was instantly seized, and subsequently sent to an asylum.

The late Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, K.C.B.

As is frequently the case with soldiers, so with sailors—the man who successfully braves the perils of the battle and the breeze for a long term of years dies at last amid surroundings where death would be least expected to lurk. The lamented decease that has just occurred of Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, K.C.B., is a case in point. For exactly half-a-century he served in the Royal Navy, occupying a number of important offices at home and abroad, in peace and in war. Throughout the whole of this lengthy period he passed practically scathless, though he faced death in every shape over and over again. On the 20th inst., however, he expired suddenly as he was driving with Lady Fairfax in his carriage at Naples.

The late Admiral, who was born in 1837, went to sea at the age of thirteen, as he entered the Royal Navy in 1850. Just twelve years later, he was specially promoted to the rank of Commander, in recognition of the performance by him of a deed of exceptional gallantry in connection with the capture of a slaver off the East Coast of Africa. After practically qualifying himself—by several years' service in these waters—for the appointment, he became a member of a Committee that, in 1870, was formed to consider the best means of suppressing the East African Slave Trade. When the late Duke of Clarence and his brother, the present Duke of York, entered the *Britannia*, Captain Fairfax—as he then was—commanded the ship. On the outbreak of the Egyptian War of 1881, he was sent to take part (as the Captain of H.M.S. *Monarch*) in the bombardment of Alexandria.

Among the later appointments that he held were those of Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station, Naval Lord of the Admiralty, and Commander of the Channel Squadron. In 1896 he figured in the "Birthday Honours" as a K.C.B. His last appointment, that of



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FAIRFAX, K.C.B.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Commander-in-Chief at Devonport—the Naval Officer's "blue ribbon"—was conferred upon him only in the spring of 1899. For six years he was one of the Queen's A.D.C.'s, and, as such, naturally came into close contact with Her Majesty. When she heard the sad news of his death, she sent a telegram of womanly sympathy to Lady Fairfax.

A Postman-Artist. Mr. George E. Ringham is a man who follows two callings, being both a postman and an artist. I am not in a position to speak of his capacity for delivering letters with punctuality and patience, but, in evidence of his artistic talent, I reproduce the little picture of the steamship *Omrah*, Orient Line. Mr. Ringham has also contributed to *Black and White* and the *Lady's Pictorial*. I trust that his efforts will meet with every success in the future.

Lieutenant F. H. Stapleton. Lieutenant Stapleton, of the 43rd (the 1st Battalion the Oxfordshire Light Infantry), was wounded at Klip Kraal about a month or so ago. This action, it will be remembered, took place during the earlier stages of the redoubtable Cronje's flight from Magersfontein. On his abandoning his position on the Modder River, he was promptly given chase by Major-General Kelly-Kenny, with whom was Lieutenant Stapleton's regiment. The first occasion on which the pursuing force came into contact with that of the retreating Boers was signalled by a sharp engagement at Klip Drift. Lieutenant Stapleton, who was in charge of his battalion's Maxim-gun in this action, rendered valuable service until he received a wound which forced him to leave the field. I am glad to learn, however, that he is reported to be "progressing favourably," and trust that he will soon be completely restored to health.

Père Didon. Paris has just lost her greatest pulpit-orator, the Dominican monk Père Didon, who died at Marseilles last week on his way to Rome. Père Didon has been for twenty-six years the fashionable religious leader of Paris, and his sermons, sometimes at Notre Dame and sometimes at the Madeleine, have been followed, one might almost say applauded, by all that Paris holds of *chic* and of aristocratic; also by all the notabilities of the political and literary world—Dumas, Jules Simon, Mounet-Sully, Gambetta—who still retained, or professed to retain, an interest in the Church, so that his audiences resembled first-nights at the theatre. A well-built figure, energetic features, with eyes that shone like two electric-lights, Père Didon was considered to resemble the actor Coquelin, and his oratory, full of modern, even boulevardic, expressions, had much the effect of the stage. His talents and his individuality would have made him notable in any walk of life.

One of the few really modern men of the priesthood, he was for years a thorn in the side of the French Church. After his first sensational sermons he was sent in disgrace to Corsica; but the Church finished by yielding to popular opinion, and Père Didon became one of the personalities of the Gay City. Gambetta offered him a bishopric, which he refused, saying, "I am Père Didon, and it is my wish to

Sir Henry Irving in Canada.

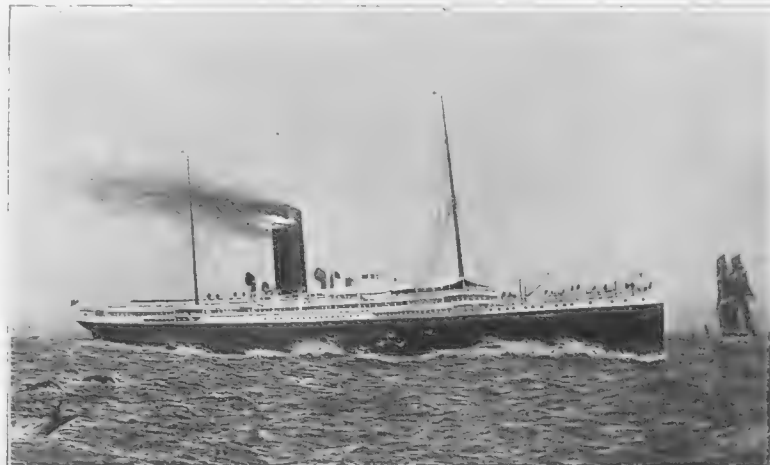
Sir Henry Irving's visit to Canada has naturally been somewhat overshadowed by the War. Nevertheless, the veteran actor received a hearty reception, particularly in Montreal, even the engine-driver of the train which bore him to the Canadian Metropolis "looking quite satisfied with himself and at peace with the world."

Sir Henry, we are told, stepped on to the platform with his old-time vigour and as erect as of yore. He wore a long ulster, lined with Persian lamb, with high collar, which he buttoned up closely to his throat. There was a cigar in his mouth, just newly lighted, and, of course, he wore his gold-framed pince-nez. His hat was a black felt with a flat top, and he carried a cane. The Canadian reporter has indeed a keen eye for details!

Captain Pocklington, R.N. Everyone who knows him will sincerely regret the distressing accident which befell Captain Pocklington, of H.M.S. *Europa*, on the very day when she sailed with relief crews for the Australian Station. Captain Pocklington

was not only unlucky enough to break his leg, but also sustained other injuries, by falling off the gangway, which necessitated his removal to Haslar Hospital, the *Europa* starting under the control of the Commander. The unfortunate occurrence was doubly provoking, because the command of the *Europa* was Captain Pocklington's first definite appointment since he was "posted," though he had been in temporary command of other craft during the Naval Manœuvres. When Commander of H.M.S. *Rodney*, Captain Pocklington, no doubt, had a red mark placed against his name at the Admiralty, or he would not have been selected to supreme duty on such a magnificent first-class cruiser, which he had at the time of his accident just brought back from Malta. It is not only the members of the "Rag" who wish the gallant officer speedy recovery, but all who appreciate a sterling British seaman.

The Irish Guards. It is certain that the enrolment of a regiment of Royal Irish Guards will be officially announced during the Queen's visit to Ireland, but some difficulty has arisen with regard to the facings of the uniform. Her Majesty herself is in favour of emerald-green, but this is contrary, it has been urged, to precedent, all "Royal" regiments having facings of "Royal"-blue. To which the answer is that the precedent applies only to regiments of the Line, and eventually, I am assured, green will be the colour very appropriately chosen for the facings. The badge is also under consideration, several designs having been submitted, that most in favour being a shamrock on the Cross of St. Patrick, which, it is not generally known, is interwoven with the cruciforms of St. George and St. Andrew on the national flag. Curiously enough, the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew is green, while that of the Order of St. Patrick is sky-blue.



THE "OMRAH" (ORIENT LINE).

Drawn by G. E. Ringham, the Postman-Artist.



LIEUTENANT F. H. STAPLETON, WOUNDED AT KLIP KRAAL.

Photo by Vandyk.



THE LATE PÈRE DIDON.

Photo by Camus.



CAPTAIN H. M. ARNOLD, FIRST CANADIAN OFFICER KILLED IN THE WAR.

Photo by Steele and Co., Winnipeg.

remain so." His "Life of Jesus," written as a reply to Renan, brought him a hundred thousand francs, which he spent to build a fencing-hall and a riding-school for the fashionable boys' school of which he had been for years the head.

Captain H. M. Arnold, 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment, who was wounded at Paardeberg on Feb. 18, died in hospital on Feb. 23. He was the first Canadian officer to lay down his life for Queen and Country in the present Boer War.

*The Author of
"L'Aiglon."*

The young author of "L'Aiglon" (writes my Paris Correspondent) is the idol of the day in Paris. At least one enthusiastic critic places him between Victor Hugo and Shakespeare, and Aiglon has been christened "the French Hamlet." Edmond Rostand was born at Marseilles, which, as every native of that city knows, is, to the exclusion of Paris, the cradle of French genius. Educated in Paris, he wrote odes to his Professor before he was out of the preparatory school. Still with the first down on his cheek, he loved and married a blonde poetess. Together they made volumes of verses, delicious in their naïve joy at life and in the expression of artless happiness. She orders him to write a ballad on "her muff," and he demands of her a description of her ramble in the park—all the romance of their engagement passes through these volumes.

Two years later, the curtain of the Comédie-Française rose on his "Romanesques," a comedy in verse. Then came the "Princesse Lointaine" and the "Samaritaine," both interpreted by Sarah Bernhardt, both successes; then the "Cyrano" of phenomenal vogue, and now "L'Aiglon," with which M. Rostand shows himself complete master of the scene. And this young man is only thirty years old! After the first night of "L'Aiglon" he resigned himself to the care of three doctors, and he lies at death's door as I write these lines, whereat no one is surprised.

*Arabian Horses at
the Exhibition.*

The Sultan, it is stated, has authorised to be sent to the Paris Exposition sixteen pure-blooded Arabian horses from Turkey-in-Asia, and the Director of the Imperial Stables has been personally charged with the choice of these horses and of their care while in France. This will be sensational news to horsemen, for it is the first time that the exportation into Europe, even temporarily, of these horses has ever been authorised, the Arabian "pure-bloods" which Europeans believe they possess being no more than half-bloods.

*"Sweet Lavender,"
by Frenchmen.*

I never enjoyed myself more thoroughly than at a performance given at the Hôtel des Sociétés Savantes of Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," when all the characters were taken by members of a French Society for the Propagation of the Study of Foreign Languages in France. They all spoke English, or spoke at it, as you like. So that there should be no error as to what the play, as played, was about—and the author

himself might have reasonably wondered—a full description of the plot was printed, in English, on the programme. "Clement Hale, a young Law student," it says, "and Richard Phenyl, an elderly, 'golden-hearted, weak-natured, down-at-heel' barrister, lived together in the Temple. Not an altogether pleasant companionship, as the latter's bibulous propensities too often get the better of his good resolutions, and cause his friends to despair after wrecking his life."

When "friends despair after wrecking his life," I should like to know what was left on sale for his enemies! The acting was funnier than anything that has ever been seen at the Palais-Royal.

*The Governor-
General of Canada.*

The Earl of Minto, who has entered on his second year of office as Governor-General of Canada, bids fair to be as popular an administrator of our Western dependency as any of his predecessors. His Lordship is fond of shooting, fishing, and hunting—of all outdoor exercises, in fact.

*The Genesis of
"L'Aiglon."*

Rostand's new play, which has excited so much interest, because of the author's fame since "Cyrano" and the fact that Sarah Bernhardt sustains the leading rôle, has a history that has never been published, and which, I believe, I am one of the very few that know. It was, in fact, Sarah's first great attempt in arranging her own plays. While she was in the hands of Sardou, she was powerless; but latterly, and noticeably in the case of the "Hamlet" version, she insisted on certain situations being elaborated—noticeably the "player's scene"—by the adapters. In "L'Aiglon" she arranged the death-scene, persisting that the training that she had had in the character of Lorenzaccio should be turned to account, and it was she herself again who arranged that dramatic effect where the soldier of the Old Guard prevents Metternich from crushing the three-cornered hat of Napoleon I. that his son had placed over the map of Europe. Rostand resisted on many points, but gave way all along the line finally.

*Catholic Bishopric
at Brighton.*

From a source that is thoroughly capable of being seriously informed, I hear that Brighton is likely to be lifted to the dignity of an Episcopal Roman Catholic Sec. I may even suggest that two names have gone before the Pope as meritorious occupants of the bishopric. The first of these is the Very Reverend Canon Joseph Moore, Rector of St. Mary Magdalene, of Brighton; and the second, Canon Macgrath, of Weybridge. The name of Mgr. Moyes is also alluded to as a possible surprise.



MISS MARIE FAWCETT IN "SAN TOY."
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MRS. KELLY THE HUMBLE.



MRS. KELLY GIVES HERSELF AIRS.

SOUVENIRS OF DAN LENO IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Blampy Brothers, Islington.

MAFEKING AND ITS MEN.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NEWNHAM DAVIS.

IT has been the fashion to invent anecdotes about Colonel Baden-Powell. There have been two very good reasons for this. One is that the gallant Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards is, as the King of Scouts, so interesting a figure that to enwrap him in the mist of fiction, which magnifies and sometimes distorts, is too great a temptation for



THE DERBYSHIRE REGIMENT AT "THE FRONT."

imaginative natures to resist; and the other is that, being shut up in Mafeking for six months, "B.-P." had no opportunity to contradict the tales that have gone the rounds about him.

I HAVE MET COLONEL BADEN-POWELL

at various periods of his career, have known him as a most capable amateur actor, as a humorist at the dinner-table, as a lightning-quick judge of men, and as a man of mark in the world of Indian sport, being one year the winner of the Kadir Cup, the blue ribbon of the pig-sticking world; and the qualities that have made him very successful in the different lines I have indicated have combined to produce the ideal Commandant of an Irregular force in a very tight place.

I must apologise for not being able to tell anecdotes as to Master Baden-Powell, aged three, stalking the kitten in the drawing-room, or of the Charterhouse boy reciting "Hamlet" through at the age of fourteen. I would do this without compunction, like the rest of my brethren of the pen, were it not that he probably will soon have time to write letters of contradiction—but I have met him only in the years when his genius had matured.

To prove my contention that the qualities I specially noticed in him made him essentially the man for the position he has filled so gallantly and so resourcefully, let us take his characteristics. Firstly,

HIS JUDGMENT OF MEN.

Has ever a commander been better served? There is not an indifferent soldier in Baden-Powell's command. Eight months ago, some of the finest fighting-men of my acquaintance told me that they were going out to Rhodesia as miners. I wondered, but said nothing. Baden-Powell had picked them out and they were off to South Africa and Mafeking.

THE MAN WHO CAN WIN A KADIR CUP

must have all the lore of the jungle at his fingers' ends, must see further and judge quicker than other men, in addition to being a perfect horseman. When Baden-Powell went to South Africa and met there Burnham, the American scout, he was able to talk to the finest tracker of the Far West on equal terms. Each man had something to learn from the other, and his African experiences in company with Burnham made Baden-Powell the splendid scout he is, the silent man who has spent long nights within hearing-distance of the Boer trenches, learning all the movements and the plans of the enemy.

THE COLONEL'S GIFT OF ACTING

came to his aid when the Boers had to be deceived. Could anything have been more delightfully effective than that, after the first bombardment, when the enemy's messenger came to ask whether Mafeking had had enough and was willing to surrender, he should find "B.-P." calmly slumbering? His good-natured humour was shown in the chaffy messages by which

HE IRRITATED THE BOER LEADERS,

and by the zest with which he entered into all the Sunday amusements. The twinkle in the Colonel's eye relieves the hardness of his tight-shut lips. The sleepless, silent, watchful, masterful man of six days of the week became a schoolboy on the seventh.

If you were to take a sheet of brown-paper, criss-cross it with lines to represent roads, and drop little squares of silver paper about it at random for zinc house-roofs, that would pretty well represent Mafeking as seen from a balloon. It is a poor little village, the houses of which, mud-walled and zinc-roofed, look as if they had been flung down on the

veldt, Julius Weil's store being the most important building in the place; but that little village, with brave hearts and resourceful minds in its defenders, and with the help of the stores accumulated by the prescient Mr. Weil, has been

A BLISTER ON THE BOER SHOULDER

since the commencement of the campaign—it was the gadfly that the enemy could never shake off. When, on Oct. 12 last year, the little garrison and those of the inhabitants who had refused to leave their homes heard that the armoured-train which was bringing them sorely needed guns had been captured, they knew that the Boers had drawn a cordon round them and that the siege had begun.

A COUPLE OF OBSOLETE GUNS.

placed, in what for courtesy was called a fort, on a little kopje near the town, were the only visible signs of defence; but Baden-Powell and his few hundreds of brave-hearted Colonials, officered by as good men as England can produce, were there, and

CRONJÉ, WHO MARCHED UP WITH HIS EIGHT THOUSAND BURGHERS and his battery of modern guns of various sizes, was soon to learn that Mafeking was a hornet's-nest. On Oct. 15 a Boer attack was driven off, the besiegers settled down to the work of shelling and intrenching, and the watchful garrison inside made a counter-move to every new plan of the enemy. The inhabitants, when they found that Cronjé fired on the church, convent, and hospital, and that the women's laager was not sacred from his shells, burrowed down into the earth, and lived in bomb-proof shelters, emerging only at night and on Sundays, when an informal truce existed.

The British could claim the first success in the siege, for, one dark night,

CAPTAIN FITZCLARENCE LED A FORLORN HOPE

against the Boer advance-trenches and bayonneted the defenders. Soon after this, Cronjé, having threatened and bombarded and attacked in vain, marched South towards Kimberley, leaving the brutal Snyman, with some guns, including a 94-pounder, and two commandoes, to continue the bombardment. Then came the black day when the garrison attacked Game Tree Hill, and Captains Sandeman and Vernon and Lieutenant Paton were killed. The Boers subsequently attacked the police fort, but were driven off, and the garrison, in spite of its losses and of the reduced rations which were served out, held its own well. The danger, however, was increasing.

THE GREAT SHELLS POURED IN

on the devoted little town, and the enemy, having sapped closer towards it, the Mauser bullets whistled along the streets, and trenches had to be dug along which the citizens could creep in safety from one bomb-proof shelter to another. Every sap the enemy made was met by one

THROWN OUT BY BADEN-POWELL,

and in the brickfields, where the enemy had effected a lodgment, positions were taken and retaken continually.

While the garrison fought and starved, they were cheered by the news of approaching relief. Plumer was coming down, and native runners, slipping through the Boer lines, told of the relieving force, with



HOW JACK CARRIES HIS GUNS FROM HIS SHIP FOR LAND SERVICE (THE NEW MAXIM-GUN MOUNTING).

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

its trains, being at Gaberones, Ramoutsa, Lobatsi, very gradually working South. Soon will come the glad day when, after six months of siege, the garrison and the inhabitants will be free again, will walk the streets and breathe the air in safety, and once more eat and drink of the fulness of the land.

THORNEYCROFT'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.

NEVER has the value of the Mounted Infantry arm been more highly appraised than it has during the present war, for over and over again within the last few weeks it has been practically demonstrated that it is to the splendid work performed by this branch of the Service that our Generals have been primarily indebted for the majority of their successes. The fact of the Boer force being to a great extent a mounted one has naturally enabled it to show a clean pair of heels to our dismounted one, when the capture of a portion of it would otherwise have ensued. For this reason, accordingly, the commanders of our various columns in the field are now seeking to remedy the defect by every means in their power. As the best way of doing this, the Mounted Infantry force at their disposal has of late been considerably augmented, and for this purpose the services of several Volunteer bodies have been eagerly accepted. Among such, preference has, of course, been given to locally raised corps, as the *personnel* of these naturally possess exceptional qualifications for the work. One of the first of these regiments to be thus employed by the Imperial authorities was that one which, under the title of "Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry," rendered such a gallant account of itself at the Battle of Spion Kop on Jan. 24. When on this occasion Major-General Woodgate was so severely wounded as to be compelled to leave the field, Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft, in charge of the Mounted Infantry, succeeded to the command, and held the hill against the enemy throughout the day.

In Sir Redvers Buller's official despatch of this day's action—culminating, as will be remembered, in the enforced retirement of our troops from the position—a special tribute of praise was accorded him on this account.

The regiment to which Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft really belongs is the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 1st Battalion of which is in South Africa at the present moment. Joining this in 1879, he attained to the rank of Major just twenty years later. On being selected, however, for an appointment as Assistant-Adjutant-General in Natal, last September, he was given the "local" rank that he now holds. In the course of his military career, Colonel Thorneycroft has had considerable previous experience of active service in the country where he has lately been so conspicuously distinguishing himself. Thus, in 1879, soon after joining his regiment, he went through the Zulu War of that date (taking part in the operations against Sekukuni), and he was also employed in the Boer Campaign that followed, a couple of years later. In the course of these latter operations, the fortune of war forced him to become one of the defenders of Pretoria; it is now quite within the bounds of possibility that he will become one of its besiegers.

In the hard-fought battle of Spion Kop, the following officers of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry figured in the casualty list: Captains the Hon. W. H. Petre and C. S. Knox-Gore, and Lieutenants C. G. Grenfell, P. F. Newnham, H. S. McCorquodale, and the Hon. N. W. Hill-Trevor (killed); and Captain R. A. Bettington, and Lieutenants A. W. J. Forster, J. W. B. Baldwin, B. Rose, and N. Howard (wounded).

IN AN EAST-END HALL.

ROUND the bar, great deeds of arms are wrought—with the tongue. Two red-coated gentlemen, each accommodated with a large pot of six-ale by a group of admirers, explain Boer devices, British tactics, and European opinion. A matron of some fifty or sixty summers, whose ample form sets off a black silk dress to great advantage, and whose ears may owe their size to the very big pendants adorning them, is enamoured of their discourse, and remarks, "Jist you 'urry up, young men, and git them mugs empty, an' I'll fill 'em for ye with pleasure!"—an invitation the gallant soldiers are quick to accept. Two rather pale and very seedy youths look on enviously. "Arf a min' to go and lis' to-morrer," says one.

"Too lite," replies his companion bitterly; "leastawiys, too lite for free drinks!" Their jealousy is justified. The eyes of the fair go to the red-coats like steel to a magnet; countless heads are turned in their direction; young ladies with ravishing hats and long fringes shoot sentimental glances towards them. The gallant fellows stand the bombardment well.

A patriotic singer reaches the stage, and straightway the house prepares to be responsive. I notice from my coign of vantage, looking all over the ground-floor of the hall, how men and women stay their conversation, put down their glasses, and even allow their pipes or cigars to go out. The singer is a man comparatively unknown to the West-End; he is popular here, and knows his audience through and through. What they want he gives them, with a supreme confidence born of certain knowledge. Does the audience wish to laugh, he will fetch a smile from the most unwilling; is it sentimental, he has a stock of songs sung in the dress of a tramp under strong blue light. To-night it wants patriotism; behold him in red coat, forage-cap, and tiny cane, all complete. It is hardly too much to say that the singer holds the emotions of his audience completely under control. He does not allow them to dissipate their energies; he encourages them by giving the chorus into their keeping, and beating time for their better guidance. The result is a crescendo of enthusiasm culminating after the chorus of the last verse

in such a demand for an encore as the house seldom hears. There is some difficulty in persuading the hero of the moment to return; repeated cheering avails only to secure a repetition of the last verse, and then the singer retires, deaf to all the blandishments of the audience, therein showing his complete knowledge of good generalship. The Sisters Something, who aspire to take his place, have to fight five minutes for a hearing. Nobody hears the first verse of their song, or even the music; the gallery attempts to drown the performance altogether by returning to the chorus of the patriotic song. It must be confessed that the Sisters Something are not very impressionable; they sing their duet at the top of their voices, they work down the gallery opposition by dint of sheer perseverance, and, when at last they are within distance of a fair hearing, break out into a dance that terminates with the device known as a "Catherine wheel." Whistles, cat-calls, and interruptions of all sorts give way to cheers; the heart of the gallery is reached. So is the foot of my column.

S. L. B.



LIEUT.-COLONEL A. W. THORNEYCROFT, OF THORNEYCROFT'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Photo by Magill and Co., Piccadilly, W.

BADEN-POWELL AND HIS CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

IT is easy to imagine the keen interest in all the Public Schools over the movements of the "old boys" now fighting as "Soldiers of the Queen" in South Africa. Nowhere is this patriotism better displayed than at Charterhouse, which has certainly contributed of her best to the long list. The school on the wind-swept Surrey hill, with its hard training in endurance, obedience, and forbearance in various struggles in playing-fields, at shooting-range, and in fire-brigade work, has been, and is, a meet preparation for the sterner battles of life. Among some hundred noble names (including that of Count Gleichen), probably the most distinguished Old Carthusian is Colonel Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking. Son of an Oxford Professor, R. S. S. Baden-Powell entered Charterhouse in 1870, when the old school was still at Smithfield, and went with the rest of the boys to the new quarters at Godalming in 1872. Known to all by his nickname, "Old Bathing-Towel" was a favourite alike with masters and boys, and, Dr. Haig Brown tells us, was an extremely clever boy, with wonderfully able hands, quick resource, and great sense of fun. In athletics also he proved himself the "right sort." When, in 1874, the school first entered into the competition for the Ashburton Shield, "Private R. S. S. Baden-Powell" appears eighth on the list of the Charterhouse team. In 1875, again shooting in the same contest, he was advanced to the rank of "Corporal." In the school "footer" team also he played "goal." A recent letter smuggled through with difficulty from Mafeking tells how strong a hold the old school has on his affections, as Colonel "B.-P." writes: "It is Founder's Day, and I have sought all over the camp to find if there are any Carthusians to come and have dinner with me"—Dec. 12, the date of the letter, being kept by all Carthusians in memory of the founder, Thomas Sutton. The pride in and affection for the hero of Mafeking by all connected with Charterhouse is evidenced by the enthusiastic response to the Mafeking Relief Fund started by the school.

Then the boys of to-day have, indeed, many a glorious lesson from the "O.C.'s" now in the midst of the fight against the Boers, lessons learnt by defeat as well as victory—the Hon. R. Pomeroy saving a man's life by putting him on his own horse under a heavy fire; Hon. W. Marsham killed while helping Colonel Baden-Powell at Mafeking; and Lieutenant Coulson a prisoner in his first battle, and writing his cheery post-card from Pretoria, "I never expected to come of age in prison."

One of the saddest losses is that of the brothers Keith-Falconer,

only sons of the late Major the Hon. C. Keith-Falconer and both "O.C.'s." Of these, the elder, C. E. Keith-Falconer, entered the school a year or two after Baden-Powell. He soon secured for himself a name in the athletic world, and was the first boy to make a hundred runs for the school. In the same year he was one of the forwards in the victorious "footer" team, and shot for the Ashburton Shield in 1878 and 1879. It will be remembered that he (then Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer, of the Northumberland Fusiliers) was killed at Belmont, Orange River, on Nov. 10 last year.

The younger Keith-Falconer (V. F. A.), whose recent death was reported only a few days since (Feb. 19, in the fighting near the Tugela), was also an "O.C.," and entered the school some seven years later than his brother. He also shot for the Ashburton Shield, in 1885 as private, and in 1886 as corporal.

In reference to the Mafeking Relief Fund from Charterhouse, £1000 has already been cabled to the Bank of South Africa, to the credit of Colonel Baden-Powell, and £400 more raised by the Charterhouse Committee. M. A. R.



THE PRESENT-DAY CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL AT GODALMING.

"B.-P.'s" CURIO FROM ASHANTEE.

Colonel Baden-Powell brought back with him from the Ashantee Expedition of 1895 a far more interesting relic of the barbarities which were practised in that

country than the somewhat tawdry regalia and other relics of the ex-King Prempeh which will shortly be exhibited at the British Museum. This was the actual execution-bowl over which the heads of the 'unfortunate victims were literally hacked off, at the same time that their mouths were transfixed with a spear, lest, forsooth, they should repeat the King's oath and be free. This huge vehicle, which was made of brass, was perfectly plain save for a couple of small lions on the upper part of the rim. When exhibited on its arrival in London, the bottom was corroded with the blood of some of this tyrannous ex-monarch's latest victims. The late Mr. T. E. Bowdich says the largest of these pans which he ever saw was five feet in diameter, the victim's blood mingling with the various vegetable and animal matter within (fresh and putrefied), to complete the charm and produce invincible fetish. Describing a series of executions which he witnessed, he adds—

The executioners wrangled and struggled for the office, and the indifference with which the first poor creature looked on, in the torture he was from the knife passed through his cheeks, was remarkable. The nearest executioner snatched the sword from the others, the right hand of the victim was then lopped off; he was thrown down, and his head was sawed rather than cut off.



COLONEL BADEN-POWELL AND HIS SCHOOL-FELLOWS AT CHARTERHOUSE.

Baden-Powell (reclining).

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL: "ACTOR AND ARTIST TOO."

THE first time I met Colonel Baden-Powell (writes a *Sketch* correspondent) was on board the *Dunvegan Castle*, at the close of the 1896 Matabele Rebellion, homeward bound; the last, just in time to bid him good-bye previous to his departure from Bulawayo, Mafeking-wards.

It is of my first meeting that I now write—a few recollections of that memorable trip home; that rush to England, by the way, of most of our well-known South Africans, to arrive in time for the Jameson Trial. In turning over some old books and papers, the other day, I came across a tiny note-book (bought, if I remember rightly, on the way from Cape Town Station to the Docks). The fly-leaf had a neatly written title inscribed thereon, carefully underlined in red ink; date in one corner, author's initials in the other—also underlined. "Seventeen Days on the *Dunvegan*." The title seemed interesting; I hastily turned over the page. Alas for the good intentions! All that could be seen was an almost unreadable mass of execrably scribbled, blunt-pencilled notes, commencing with the seemingly unintelligible remarks—

Rhodes on gangway, shook hands with stoker and baby-in-arms. Enthusiastic farewell. Just off. Interesting group at stern—Countess Grey, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, Miss Rhodes, Colonel Frank Rhodes, Colonel Carrington, and Colonel Baden-Powell. Wish I had brought camera.

Farther on, I notice—

Col. B.-P. and incident of the Pretty Girl. Very funny.

A few days later—

Sports yesterday. Beat Col. B.-P. final for cock-fight. Glorious victory!

Again—

Concert last night splendid. Musical sketch by Col. B.-P. A 1.

And so on, for about twenty pages—short, scribbled notes that bring back forcibly to mind that never-to-be-forgotten voyage. But of Colonel Baden-Powell, whose name occurs so frequently in my diary, and of whom I now write. Let me quote from the extracts given above—

Col. B.-P. and incident of the Pretty Girl. Very funny.

It was. It appears the Colonel had by chance left the book he had been reading—Selous' "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia"—in the Ladies' Saloon. I think it was the only copy we had on board, and therefore much sought after. On going to look for it later in the day, it had disappeared. The Colonel was annoyed, but, after asking a few of the passengers, especially the ladies, if they had seen it, apparently took no further notice of the matter. The following morning, to our great amusement, a notice was found pinned on to the green-baize board outside the saloon. It was a sheet of notepaper. On one side was a pen-and-ink sketch of a sweetly pretty girl reading a book; and on the opposite page a ghastly being in petticoats! On the first page, underneath the pretty girl, was written: "Is the lady?"—(I don't know how he found out it *was* a lady!)"—"who has stolen Colonel Baking-Powder's book like this?" And on the next page, underneath the atrocity, "Or like this?" Needless to say, the book was returned, and the following morning appeared a sketch of the pretty girl with an outrageous caricature of the Colonel kneeling at her feet, entitled, "Colonel Baking-Powder returning thanks for the recovery of his book!"

It was the curious way of making his B's and P's that gave the artist away; but, nevertheless, I heard one girl, later, referring to the sketches,

say to the Colonel, "I thought they were very, very rude; and not a bit like you, either, were they?" I missed the Colonel's reply.

Quoting again from my Diary—

Concert last night splendid. Musical sketch by Col. B.-P. A 1.

I remember that concert. Also that sketch. I happened to be on the Concert Committee. There were four of us, I think, and my work was to interview sundry passengers and extract the promise of an item for the programme. Knowing of the Colonel's reputation as an entertainer, I hastened to him first of all. I remember he was sitting at a little table, surrounded with maps, sketches, and plans, and reams of foolscap—the foundation, as I learnt after, of his book on the Matabele Campaign. "Oh, yes!" he said; "put me down for a musical sketch. Eh? Title? Oh, I don't know anything about the title yet!" So I had to be content, and, after all, it was a good start—"Colonel Baden-Powell, Musical Sketch."

The following night came the concert.

Packed house: all local celebrities, &c. Colonel Baden-Powell appeared in the second half of the programme. I happened to be sitting near him at the interval, and asked him if he had thought of a title for his sketch. "Oh, I haven't the remotest idea what it's going to be about even!" he replied, laughing. "But it will come presently." It did. The next turn was a song entitled "I am a Nervous Man." I don't think the song was funny—in fact, I have not the remotest idea what it was about; but I do remember yelling ferociously for an encore, in order to give the Colonel—as a Committee-man, my trump-card—a chance to think of his sketch. But it was no use, the encore was not forthcoming, and the would-be funny man retired. "Next item on programme, Colonel Baden-Powell." A roar of applause (he always was popular), and the Colonel quietly rose and walked to the piano.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I see here on the programme, 'Colonel Baden-Powell, Musical Sketch,' but no title. This I regret I have been unable to supply before; but, to tell you the truth—er—I have only just thought of it! With the permission of the artist who has just preceded me, the title of my sketch will be 'I am a Nervous Man!'"

And for twenty minutes, with songs, imitations, stories, &c., the man who is now world-famed as the Defender of Mafeking kept that saloon, packed full of first-, second-, and third-class passengers, in one continual roar of laughter and applause.



COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, THE HERO OF MAFEKING, IN HIS 13TH HUSSARS' UNIFORM.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Is Baden Powell

If we go forward we die,

If we go backward we die,

Better go forward and die.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL'S AUTOGRAPH, FROM AN ALBUM.



MM. S. AND G. PAGET (OF "PAGET'S HORSE"), "GOING SOUTH."

See "The Sketch" Clubman.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

LORD ROBERTS AND LORD KITCHENER AT ORANGE RIVER STATION.

From Photographs by Lafayette.



Lord Roberts.

Lord Kitchener.

KITCHENER (to "Bobs"): First-Class Smoking, Sir?



Lord Roberts.

"Bobs" (who knows his book): I refuse to start without a copy of *The Sketch*!

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Celebrated Doubles of the Moment—A New Prize Competition—Hints to Authors on Their Composition—Up-to-Date Theatre Programmes—The Discomforts of the Theatre-goer—Scandalised New York and Modest London—"The Wearing (Thread-bare) of the Green"—"Bobs," Buller, Baden-Powell, Biltong, and Bloemfontein.

THESE be strange times, my masters. Two great Mr. Wyndhams, two Winston Churchills, two Roberts's (each winning triumphs for an "Empire"). Hence this ingenious *Sketch* prize competition: To which, Mr. George or Mr. Charles Wyndham, does the following refer?

"A perfect gentleman, Mr. Wyndham has a melodious voice and grace of gesture, and there is a singular charm in the perfectly polished, if a trifle florid, elocution. In his closing speech, Mr. Wyndham paid a passing tribute to the troops at 'the front,' and alluded to his own efforts to relieve the widows and orphans. He had had a difficult part to play, but had tried to act with sincerity throughout. He would continue to serve the public, which he thanked for its support in this trying season, faithfully." Now, which is it?

Having made a *fuore* in Ireland (now the centre of Art as well as Society, since both Mr. George Moore and the Queen are patronising it). "Cyrano" may run here as long as "Charley's Aunt." And this without being all dresses and furniture. Yet, as Mr. Moore knows, "the play's the thing" is an exploded theory. The young actor used to be advised to act, and not mind much about the "book"; now neither are of much importance. Omission of the part of Hamlet from "Hamlet"—a suggestion for Mr. Benson, this—would be probably thought a judicious "cut," if the upholstery was in capable hands and a good quick-change worked in. A few lines, however, to get the play talked of as improper, prominently inserted, would be useful.

The modern programme is, in fact, chiefly taken up with "Costumes by Madame Tulle et Cie., Wigs by Perruque, Electric-Light laid on by the Switch Syndicate, Performing Guinea-Pig (by kind permission of the Star Theatre of Varieties), arranged by Captain Martingale; Scenery varnished by the Empire French Polish Company, Limited; Bicycle-Polo Team in the First Act, trained by Professor Spoke; Avalanche and Waterspout direct from Messrs. Sawdust, Contractors," and so on. The cast, title of the play, and synopsis of the scenes are, of course, secreted, as a matter of form, in an obscure corner, but will probably soon be quietly dropped to make room for the more attractive and profitable corset advertisement.

Society would not find theatre-going such a laborious and melancholy duty but for the accessories—the scrambled dinner without coffee, the struggle over and round ladies' knees and dresses to one's seat—and then the getting home. The eleven thousand hansoms and four-wheelers in London are not always enough for the forty big places of amusement, which also, it has been ordained by Providence, should close simultaneously and turn "the Circus" at half-past eleven into a sort of ménagerie of horses and jungle of carriages and cabs.

What common-sense tempers and redeems our virtue! Scandalised New York hales a risky play to the Law Court—and crowds the box-office. London sees a—well, yes, perhaps an improper play—gathers its skirts together in silence, and takes a cab, or tries to take a cab, home. It refuses to discuss the play over supper, and its husband or brothers and sisters forget about it.

With all the discomforts of the theatre, aggravated by the War and Lent, we must be facing our social duties with praiseworthy cheerfulness, for the Home Secretary is inquiring into the alleged overcrowding of theatres and "halls," so annoying to managers. Obviously, the Drevfus and Absent-Minded-Beggar stamp of drama will soon be succeeded by the Wearing-of-the-Green variety. "Facing the Music"—this is not yet officially confirmed—will be rechristened "Faugh-a-Ballagh," and the next Adelphi play be written round the well-known brigand Omadhaun-Acushla-Mulvather-Abou as the central figure. The number of versions (or parodies) of "The Wearing of the Green" is simply becoming a public nuisance. The colour itself is going to rival even khaki this season.

Rumours, however, that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is to be taken off in favour of "The Shillelagh," and that Sir Henry is coming back at once with a new historical drama, "Be Jabers," are premature. But the "No English need apply" rule of theatrical managers seems hard on the many capable English actors and actresses—and English dramatists.

Speaking of titles, apt and artful alliteration appears a *sine quâ non* of the modern military work. "With Kitchener to Khartoum" and "With Methuen to the Modder" suggest "With Plumer towards Pretoria," "Baden-Powell and the Border Police," and "Kitchener and Krugersdorp." "Roberts' Ride to Rhodesia" could be quoted in a pill advertisement, and why not add to the already long list "With 'Bobs' to Bloemfontein"?

HILL ROWAN.

FOUR FAMOUS WIVES.

Mrs. Kruger, Mrs. Joubert, Mrs. Steyn, and Mrs. Cronjé—The Old Virtues of the Old Régime—Ideals, not Ideas, are their Possessions.

PLACE aux dames! In the storm and stress of battle, the men have dominated it, almost to the exclusion of a thought of the women, except collectively, which is not the way to think of women, while the individual men of the Boer Army have, by the very force of circumstances, stood conspicuously out. Yet the time has come when the womanhood of our country, vibrating emotionally in sympathy with the sufferings of our own men, can attune itself in sympathetic thought with those who are not of our side.

First of the Boer women, by position no less than by the interest which surrounds her, is the wife of the President of the Transvaal Republic,

MRS. KRUGER.

She is the first lady of the country, but there is little to distinguish her from the wife of any of the burghers, for she is a simple *Hausfrau*. Domesticity finds in her its quintessence, and the popular imagination, in so far as it knows anything of her, pictures to itself a woman, old and obese, who devotes her time to darning the household socks and stockings and making huge pots of coffee for the consumption of "Oom Paul" and herself. Yet this same woman, unprepossessing though she be, is descended from the great Du Plessis family, which gave to France one of the Princes of its Church and State, in the person of the wily yet brave and strong Cardinal Richelieu, who in his youth could wield a sword as well as in age a pen.

The Kruger household is run on patriarchal lines, and the Bible dominates it. Perhaps this is the reason why Mrs. Kruger, who, by the way, is

"OOM PAUL'S" SECOND WIFE,

has given heed to the precept, "Be fruitful and multiply," for she has had sixteen children—a large family even for South Africa—and their immediate descendants number over a hundred. One great characteristic she possesses is that of the golden gift of silence. She never speaks of State affairs and she never interferes in matters political—in public. She is so shrewd a woman, however, that, although it is not acknowledged, there are reasons for believing that her husband takes counsel with her in matters of moment, as is the wont of husbands—even those who are heard to speak loudest of "the weaker vessel." "Tante Kruger," as the people commonly call her, is a martyr to rheumatism, due, no doubt, as the most modern medical science teaches, to the over-consumption of the coffee in whose preparation she is so skilled. Like her and yet most unlike is

MADAME JOUBERT,

since, by common consent, a French and not a Dutch title is accorded to her. She is the warrior-woman first, the woman of the household second, but her husband's helpmate in all things. She can shoot like the Boer man who shoots with unerring aim to kill, for from her earliest childhood she has been accustomed to the use of firearms. In the early days of the Kaffir Wars she never failed to accompany her husband to "the front," and all during the campaign its plans were discussed with her. More than once, as the result of this discussion, the execution of these plans was changed, in accordance with her brilliant ideas of strategy and the imaginative instinct of an innate gift for war—a genius not unfeminine, for was not Bellona as much the Goddess as was Mars the God of War? If, in her warlike attitude and in the slowness of her figure, the antipodes of Mrs. Kruger, Madame Joubert is at least her equal in the possession of the domestic virtues. When she cannot serve her husband by advice and help in the field, she sees to it that nothing that he needs is lacking, and with her own hands will peel the potatoes for his dinner with as much nonchalance as if she were the cook of the canteen, all unconscious of the fact that her husband was Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Army. During the last native war, undeterred by the heat and the fever, she joined him.

As of a glory departed must one write of

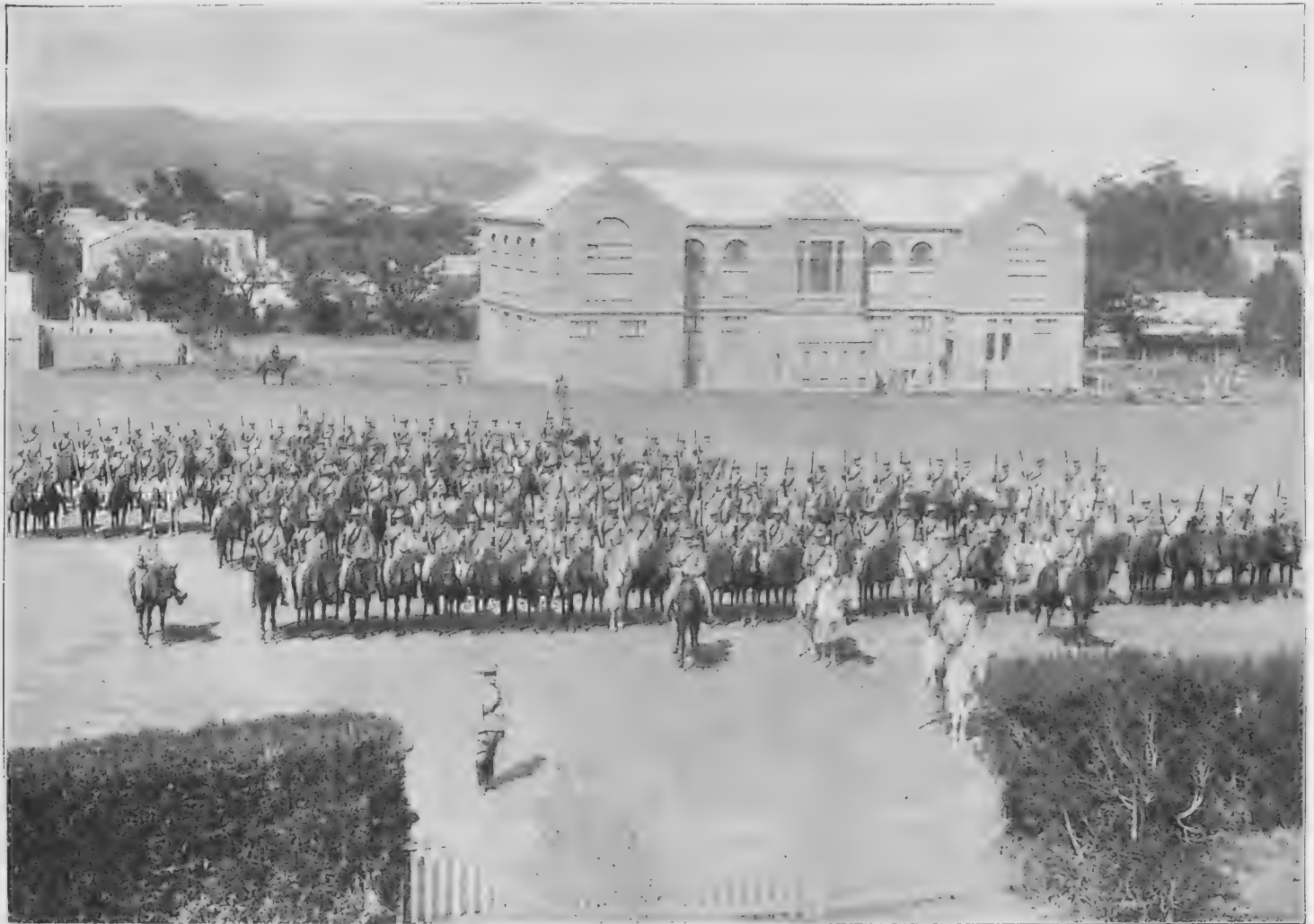
MRS. STEYN,

who, had the plans of the "late President of the Orange Free State"—as Lord Roberts called him in his despatch—and President Kruger not emulated those best-laid plans of mice and men and gone aglay, would in due course have been the wife of the second President of that great South African Republic reaching from the Zambesi to the Cape. Hers is the romance of the chief Boer women, though her life has not been all prettiness, for she has helped her husband as much as it was possible for her to do in the early days of his career, and there are, it is said, hundreds of documents in the archives of the Supreme Court at Bloemfontein which are in her writing. Mrs. Steyn suggests the fratricidal nature of the War, for Scotch blood flows in her veins, her father having been at one time a minister in the North of Scotland.

What obtains with the three likewise obtains with the fourth of the chief Boer women, the

WIFE OF THE SUPPOSEDLY INVINCIBLE CRONJÉ,

who, Napoleon-like, fell before the modern Wellington of the British Army. The epitome of her life is found in the request of her husband, who, in the moment of his defeat, asked first that his wife might not be separated from him. When the history of the War comes to be written, the names of these four women will not appear; but, if the history of these four women were to be written, the world might then read the real history of the War. *Cherchez la Femme!*



"A" (OR GRAHAMSTOWN) SQUADRON, "NESBITT'S HORSE," NOW AT "THE FRONT," MAJOR CURRIE IN COMMAND.

Captain A. Nesbitt, Squadron Leader.

Lieutenant Douglass,

Lieutenant Learey.



Captain Girdlestone,

Colonel Nesbitt,

Major Currie,

Lieutenant and Adjutant Nesbitt,

OFFICERS OF "NESBITT'S HORSE."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEFURN AND JEANES, GRAHAMSTOWN.

TO ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

Sir Thomas Wardle discourses on the Silk Industry of Great Britain and Ireland—How it is Affected by Continental Imports—And How it will be Represented at Earl's Court in May—Some Facts about Silk in Kashmir.

A REPRESENTATIVE of *The Sketch* was greatly surprised last week to learn from a Board of Trade return the startling fact that in 1899 the value of manufactured silks, chiefly Continental, imported into England amounted to the enormous sum of

£16,109,583 STERLING!

Being of a particularly patriotic disposition, he instituted an inquiry into the circumstances of our own manufacture of silk, and sought



SIR THOMAS WARDLE, J.P.

President of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland.—Photo by Mawil and Fox, Piccadilly.

information from the fountain-head of authority on this subject, Sir Thomas Wardle, the President of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland. It is obvious that such vast imports, which, be it remembered, pay no tax, must seriously affect our home-workers and their products.

"Is it," he therefore asked Sir Thomas, "that foreign silk is better than that of English and Irish make?"

"No," was the reply, "for our silks and poplins are just as beautiful as those of Continental manufacture, and now can be produced as cheaply. But for a time the Continent overshadowed us in consequence of the adoption of the power-loom in place of the old-fashioned hand-loom weaving, cheaper labour, and the extensive adulteration of the silks by chemical weighting. These causes, however, are not so disadvantageous now as formerly, thanks to the

increased efforts of our manufacturers, the prevalence here of power-loom weaving, and the rise of wages on the Continent. Then, we excel in brocades, brocatelles, and damasks for upholstery, while our dress-stuffs are a penny a yard cheaper than those of the Continent. Of course, a great impetus has been given to the home industry by the efforts of the Ladies' National Silk Association, which now numbers several thousand members, headed by

HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The late Princess Mary was devoted to its interests, and the Duchess of York takes the same active part in furthering its objects as did her lamented mother. The conditions of membership are very simple, members undertaking to encourage and promote English, Scotch, and Irish silk manufactures by all means in their power, by inquiring for them when they wish to buy silks, and, in purchasing, to give preference, when possible, to those of home manufacture. The members of

THE ROYAL FAMILY WEAR HOME-MADE SILKS.

and their lead is naturally followed by the other Associates. Then, again, the various Silk Exhibitions which have been held from time to time are a great aid in bringing the quality and beauty of our work to the notice of the general public. Successful Exhibitions have been held: in 1890, at the London house of Earl Egerton of Tatton; in 1894, at Stafford House; in 1895, at Stafford, and, during the same year, at Macclesfield, on the occasion of the visit of the late Duchess of Teck; while in 1896 there was space devoted to the industry at Earl's Court. The leading

BRITISH AND IRISH MANUFACTURERS

will be represented at this year's Exhibition at Earl's Court, and we also hope to demonstrate the initial efforts of the mulberry-growing districts of Ceylon, South Africa, Australia, Bengal, and Kashmir."

"Your connection with the latter State has been very important, I believe, Sir Thomas?"

"Well," he replied, "it has had good results. Four years ago the sericultural industry was non-existent

IN KASHMIR.

Knowing that the mulberry abounds there, I recommended the Government of India to encourage the industry. Last year, 24,500 lb. of raw silk were turned out from the cocoons raised. This silk is

NOW ON THE LONDON MARKET.

It will fetch, I daresay, from 16s. to 18s. per pound. It is valued at Lyons and Alais at 18s. per pound, the best Italian and French being worth 20s. Mr. Walton, our Manager in Kashmir, is now employing three hundred and fifty native men reelers, and he will employ three thousand more in breeding and reeling as soon as the warm weather comes. He will have eleven hundred bassines at work this year."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the several novels purchased in incredible quantities by Americans last year is "When Knighthood was in Flower." No fewer than a quarter of a million copies have been sold, and the demand continues. The author's personality has been modestly kept in the background. He is Mr. Charles Magor, of Shelleyville, near Indianapolis. Mr. Magor is enjoying a trip in Europe and is expected to be in London this week.

There is plenty of room for a new and thorough Guide-book to Edinburgh, and I am glad to hear that the work has been undertaken by a very competent man, Mr. John Geddie, of the *Scotsman*. Mr. Geddie knows more about Edinburgh and its great traditions than anyone since Dr. Robert Chambers, and he writes in a lucid and pleasing way. It is expected that the book will be out immediately.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., said that most of their publications were of such a kind as were bound to be disadvantageously affected by the war, and that they had been disappointed in regard to the installation of the new machinery, from which they had not yet obtained the benefit expected, owing to the delay. He agreed that energy was wanted, but thought that the company owed a very great deal to the ability of the General Manager. The volume of production by the company had been greater than that of the previous twelve months, and he thought that the declining dividend could be remedied. The company's profit was about £3300 less than in 1898, and a dividend of five per cent. was declared. Messrs. Chapman and Hall pay a dividend of seven per cent. upon the Preference shares. Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. report a loss upon the year's trading.

The Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland have presented a testimonial to Mr. T. Burleigh, as a small acknowledgment of his valuable services to the trade. Mr. Burleigh is now a publisher. In his reply, he urged the booksellers to go on, and insisted that there should be a large extension of the net system. Until that came, he thought they would be very little benefited financially.

The picture of Matthew Arnold, as a schoolboy and undergraduate, given by his brother, Mr. Thomas Arnold, in "Passages in a Wandering Life," is not altogether pleasant. It is admitted that he was unpopular with his companions at Winchester. He incurred their ill-will by saying to Dr. Moberly, at a breakfast of the Upper School, that the work of his form was light and easy. "We must see to that," said the Doctor, laughing. "A stupid boy from 'senior past' was present, and took the matter very seriously. Being older and stronger than my brother, he attacked him as soon as we had returned into Commons, and practically impressed upon him the wickedness of making little to the headmaster of the difficulty of the form-work." Later on, Matthew was pelted with a rain of "pontos" (or bread-balls), as a boy who had deserved ill of the school republic.

The glimpses of Newman, of whom Mr. Arnold saw a great deal during his years as Classical Master at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, will be to many the most interesting part of his book. An evening with the Oratorians was a pleasant and memorable experience. When the after-dinner debate was over, the Superior led the way to the recreation-room, where usually a bright fire was burning. "Here restraint was laid aside; Fathers and guests gathered round the fire, on the left side of which was Newman's chair, and conversation rose and fell just as in an Oxford common-room. Recreation-time, if I remember right, lasted for three-quarters of an hour. Newman was always cheerful at these times, and, if not talkative, *abordable*, and ready to talk."

Mr. Arnold's most important visitor at Hobart Town was Lord Robert Cecil, the present Prime Minister. "One day in 1855, as I was engaged in examining a class at the Orphan School, the Governor suddenly entered the class-room, having in his company a tall, handsome man, young, but of stately presence, to whom he introduced me. This was Lord Robert Cecil, the present Lord Salisbury. Lord Robert was then making the tour of the Colonies."

When Dr. Arnold and his family went up to Oxford in January 1842, Matthew, then "in all the glory of a scholar's gown and three months' experience as a 'University man,' welcomed his rustic *Geschwister* with an amused and superior graciousness. We visited him at his rooms in Balliol, at the top of the second staircase in the corner of the second quod. When he had got us all safely in, he is said to have exclaimed, 'Thank God, you are in!'; and, when the visit was over and he had seen the last of us out on the staircase, 'Thank God, you are out!' But this tradition is doubtful."

Here is a description of Mr. Thomas Arnold's first meeting with his future wife, Julie Sorell, the mother of Mrs. Humphry Ward—

One evening in March 1850 I was at a party at a Mr. Poynter's in Davey Street (Hobart Town). On a sofa sat a beautiful girl in a black silk dress, with a white lace *berthe* and red bows in the skirt of the dress. My friend Clarke presently introduced me to her. I remember that, as we talked, a strange feeling came over me of having met her before—of having always known her—as if neither the tone nor the drift of her words was unexpected. . . . She was the granddaughter of a former Governor of the Colony, Colonel Sorell; her father was Registrar of Deeds. I was married to Julie Sorell on the 13th June, 1850.

O. O.



THE EVOLUTION OF A DAN LENO LAUGH.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY MESSRS. HERBERT CAMPBELL (SMILING), JOHNNY DANVERS (GRINNING), AND DAN LENO (ROARING).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLAMPEY BROTHERS, ISLINGTON.

THE FIRST DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SEASON.

HELD BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



MRS. MACKENZIE, PRESENTED BY THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

MISS E. IRWIN.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

MISS PAGET, DAUGHTER OF MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

MISS GLADYS HADOW.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

THE FIRST DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SEASON.

HELD BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



MISS MOLYNEUX.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



MISS E. MOLYNEUX.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



MISS FREDA RIPLEY, A DAUGHTER OF LORD RIPLEY.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



MISS WILSON, DAUGHTER OF MR. W. WILSON.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

THE FIRST DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SEASON.

HELD BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



MISS K. SWAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE FIRST DRAWING-ROOM OF THE SEASON.

HELD BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE—AND SHAKSPERE.



THE OXFORD MEN AT PUTNEY, ON THEIR WAY TO THE BOAT, EXCITE THE ADMIRATION OF THE MULTITUDE.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !—TIMON OF ATHENS, iv., 2.



BUT THE CAMBRIDGE "BLADES" COMPEL EVEN THE FAIR SEX TO STAND STILL.

THE MAN ON THE LEFT (*pulling his moustache*): *I do betray myself with blushing.*—LOVE'S LABOUR'S (not) LOST, i., 1.

THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE—AND SHAKSPERE.



CAMBRIDGE ABOUT TO START.

Wherein cunning, but in craft?—I. HENRY IV., ii., 4.



OXFORD LEAVING THE RAFT.

THE OXFORD COX.: I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.—HENRY V., iii., 2.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS THOMAS IN "THE MAN OF FORTY,"

PRODUCED TO-NIGHT AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH ALSO SHOWS MR. WALTER FRITH, THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAY.

See "The Sketch" Theatrical Gossip for a description of Mr. Frith's Piece.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE PRIDE OF JENNICO," MR. FROHMAN'S NEW "HIT" IN NEW YORK.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



Marie Otilie Pahlen (Gertrude Rivers).

Baron von Krappitz (Thomas Hall).

Basil Jennico (J. H. Hackett).

Marie Otilie, the Princess (Bertha Galland).



Michel, a Gipsy Girl (Grace Reals).

Basil Jennico (J. H. Hackett).
See "The Sketch" Theatre Gossip.

Sir John Beddoes (Arthur Hoops).



THE PREVAILING FEMININE SENTIMENT.

"Smokin' don't touch my 'eart, Tommy. Yer must jine the Bold Boys' Khaki Brigade!"



THE PREVAILING MASCULINE HUMOUR.

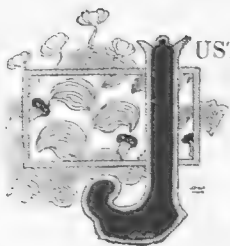
JÓVIAL FRIEND: Why, old man, what will you do with that nose at "the Front"?

VOLUNTEER MAJOR (*savagely*): Paint it khaki-colour, of course! You're the twentieth fool that's made the same joke

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. HILDYARD'S CHOICE.

BY CHARLES KENNETT BURROW.



JUST four o'clock, and Mrs. Hildyard's drawing-room, in spite of sun-blinds, was too warm for the finer phases of repose; but it was one of the cosiest corners in town, as Havers had just remarked. Emerton, who had subsided without resistance into a great arm-chair, nodded. It was extremely cosy, he admitted to himself, but it was cosier when Havers was not there.

The two men were waiting for Mrs. Hildyard. She took a certain innocent delight in allowing people to cool their heels; it always gave her a touch of pleasure to find them faithful and still waiting. The men always waited; sometimes the women went away. She did not mind that, however. She thought very little of other women's opinions of her, from which it may be argued that she was young.

Mrs. Hildyard was young: she was four-and-twenty, and a widow. Her husband had been twice her age—a saturnine, large man, who made great sums of money in the City. There had never been much love between them, but there had been a kind of candid friendship which made the two years of their married life move quite smoothly. When Hildyard died, his widow mourned him sincerely; there was never any question of heart-break about it, but her sorrow was not less genuine because it permitted her to be perfectly cheerful six months after his death. But at this time she had been a widow for two years, and she considered life a very enthralling and beautiful thing.

"It's devilish hot!" Havers said.

"Yes," said Emerton, eyeing the other with watchful care.

"I saw a horse down at Hyde Park Corner; the poor brute was clean bowled over by the heat."

"It's bad enough weather for men," said Emerton. "It's killing for horses."

"Were you at Pettigrew's last night?" asked Havers.

"No, I couldn't go; had another engagement."

"I expected to see Mrs. Hildyard there."

"Ah!" said Emerton, without turning a hair.

At that moment Mrs. Hildyard came in. She greeted the two men with nicely balanced cordiality; she appeared glad to see them both, and made no secret of it. When she sat down to dispense tea, they roused themselves.

"What were you discussing when I came in?" she asked. "Or were you both asleep?"

"I was saying," said Havers, "that I expected to see you at the Pettigrews' last night."

"I had another engagement," she said. The faintest glance of understanding passed between her and Emerton. Havers intercepted it, and then carefully examined the toe of his boot.

"I believe the first-night at the Lyceum was very crowded," he said.

"It was," said Mrs. Hildyard. "I was there. My uncle, who is a great first-nighter, said he had never seen such a crush before." Again a glance passed between Mrs. Hildyard and Emerton; this time, Havers missed it.

"Everyone always says that," he said.

"It's become the right thing to say," said Emerton; "it doesn't do anyone any harm."

"Doesn't it strike you as foolish to keep on saying a thing that obviously can't be true?" Havers asked.

"No," said Emerton. "Why should it? The world's too old to relapse into strict truthfulness at this time of day. We're always saying things that obviously can't be true."

"Oh yes, in other matters. I suppose a man never looks at a woman without saying or looking something not quite the truth; it's always a little more or a little less."

"That's quite true," said Mrs. Hildyard. "Will you have some more tea, Mr. Havers?"

"I don't think it is true," Emerton said. "It depends on your man."

"And on the woman," added Havers.

"In time," said Mrs. Hildyard, "you might both become philosophers."

"When a man becomes a philosopher," said Havers, in the slightly sententious manner that always annoyed Mrs. Hildyard, "he is on the verge of dissolution. Youth is never philosophical, and what good is wisdom to an old man?"

"It's a great deal of good," said Mrs. Hildyard. "Think of—think of—Herbert Spencer." Havers waved a deprecatory hand.

"Herbert Spencer is not a philosopher," he said. Emerton smiled, and in the pause that followed let his eyes rest on Mrs. Hildyard.

She was certainly the daintiest of women, he thought. She had a bird-like poise of head, alert and graceful; a complexion that showed the blood as clearly as fine porcelain lets through the glimmer of fire;

her hair had that russet tinge which makes a man think vaguely of orchards and of open-air. He was not at all sure that Mrs. Hildyard cared greatly for him; her experience of life seemed so much broader than his that he could not be quite sure how she regarded him. He was only a year older than she, so that he had no advantage there. Havers, on the other hand, had had a more varied life; he had seen the world under many aspects, he had faced dangers coolly, he had won the confidence of men in high places. And, in spite of certain reservations, Emerton admired and liked him.

"By the way," said Emerton, "I have some tickets for Covent Garden next Wednesday. 'Die Meistersinger'—de Reszke, you know. I thought, Mrs. Hildyard, that perhaps you'd like to go."

"I should love it!" said Mrs. Hildyard.

"But it's for next Wednesday. You have already engaged to go to the Haymarket with me and Colonel Oliver," said Havers quietly.

The faintest blush rose to Mrs. Hildyard's cheeks.

"Of course!" she said. "Forgive me for forgetting. Then I'm afraid I must miss 'Die Meistersinger' this time, Mr. Emerton."

Emerton bowed and played with his cup. He felt that Havers had scored, and he could not grudge him a temporary victory.

"If you are very anxious to hear de Reszke again this season," said Havers, after a pause, "pray cancel your engagement with me and go."

Emerton glanced at him quickly; the man was perfectly sincere. Emerton felt that Havers had scored again; he began to have a generous admiration for him. He consulted his own heart, and found that he would not have had so unselfish a regard for his lady's happiness.

"De Reszke will be singing again," he said, "and Mrs. Hildyard can arrange another evening. The Haymarket closes on Thursday; it would be a pity to miss the chance." It cost him an effort to say this, and he did not look at Mrs. Hildyard as he spoke.

"I should not think of breaking my engagement with you!" Mrs. Hildyard said to Havers decidedly.

When Emerton left, that afternoon, he felt distinctly unhappy. He went to his rooms, had a cold bath, and smoked four cigars before tranquillity returned to him. He had no self-conceit, and he felt that, on the whole, Havers was a better man than himself. This conclusion decided him to hurry matters, for, although he acknowledged Havers to be the better man, he had no intention to play into his hands. It was a fair game between them, and the chances lay, not on the knees of the gods, but on the lips of Mrs. Hildyard.

Soon after her visitors had gone, and when Mrs. Hildyard's pretty brows were wrinkled with thought, Colonel Oliver entered the room. He was Mrs. Hildyard's uncle, who managed to pass a very easy and comfortable existence in the not unpleasant task of steering his niece through the shoals of young widowhood. His theory of life was of the simplest—to trust no woman, to look upon every man as a possible enemy, and to treat all enemies, for diplomatic purposes, as friends. His practice was otherwise, for he trusted all women like a child, he was simple and tender in his friendship, and he had not an enemy in the world. Old Oliver was, indeed, the easiest of guardians, and any man might have made love to Mrs. Hildyard under his very nose without his being conscious of it.

"Who were your visitors?" he asked.

She told him.

"They come here pretty often, don't they?"

"Not oftener than other people."

"Ah!" he said. "I like 'em both. Havers is clever, Emerton dashed pleasant. I've thought once or twice they were getting rather fond of you, Nellie."

"My dear uncle, you're always thinking the most foolish things!"

"I don't blame 'em, dear child. If I were a young man, and not your uncle, I should want to marry you. I don't say I would marry you; I'm not sure that you could be trusted more than any other woman. But, if people will marry, they might do worse."

Mrs. Hildyard was thinking again, and hardly heard what the Colonel was saying.

"Don't forget," she said, "that on Wednesday we're to go to the Haymarket with Mr. Havers. And do remember to put on a new shirt, not one of those old, old things you're so fond of."

"They were good enough in my day," he grumbled. "But, if you remind me again on Tuesday, I will see about it."

"And you might let me have my diamonds for that evening," she said. He opened his eyes and looked at her from under inquiring brows, but he was too wise to question her.

Emerton did not hurry matters, but by Wednesday evening he had worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that there was nothing for it but to get into a hansom and drive to the theatre. He was rather late, but by good-fortune he secured a stall and took his place in a rapidly filling house. The orchestra was half through the overture, and before he could discover Mrs. Hildyard the lights were down and the curtain up. He began to feel uncomfortable; perhaps she had repented, after all, and had not come, just as she had escaped from the Pettigrews' to go to the Lyceum with him and the obedient Colonel. Perhaps she had



"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY TOM BROWNE.

been expecting him to call and renew his offer; perhaps by this time she was very angry with him; perhaps she had chosen to put him out of her mind altogether, and he and all his hopes were to be cast adrift. He looked at the stage vacantly, as a man in a muse looks vaguely at a picture; only a detached phrase here or there made any impression on his brain, and when the end of the first act came he rose wearily to go out. All at once, however, he sat down again, fully alive. Two rows in front of him, he had caught sight of Mrs. Hildyard's beautiful and animated profile; on her left sat Colonel Oliver, on her right Havers. An ironic conversation between two exasperated gentlemen in the gallery caused her to turn round. She saw Emerton, recognised him with a little bow and flicker of the eyelids, and went on talking quietly to Havers. Havers, on his part, was speaking very earnestly; the tense attitude of his shoulders indicated effort. At intervals he glanced at his companion like one who wishes covertly to see the effect of a story on his auditor. Emerton felt uncomfortable; he could not hear a word of what passed between them, but he had rather the feeling of an eavesdropper and began to wish he had not come.

But he waited to the end of the second act, and then to the end of the third. Mrs. Hildyard looked particularly brilliant that night; the desire of the moth for the star was very strong in him. He was not jealous of Havers; he only envied him his seat, that was all. It was a fair game, and he was prepared to play it squarely. He wondered how Havers was cultivating his opportunity—cleverly, he made no doubt. He resolutely refused to watch them, and succeeded in getting a faint impression of what the fourth act was about.

As the theatre emptied, he managed to reach Mrs. Hildyard's side.

"I thought you were going to Covent Garden," she said.

"So I was," he said, "if you had been able to go. I came where I could see you."

"If you were so anxious to see me," she said, "you might have called."

"I'm coming to see you to-morrow morning," he said.

"You speak as though you had decided about it long ago."

"So I did. I decided three days ago."

"Why to-morrow particularly?"

"For an unimportant reason," he said, "but it pleased my conscience. Good-night." He nodded to Havers and Colonel Oliver and slipped away.

The next morning he called on Mrs. Hildyard. He assured himself that he was perfectly cool—and so he was until his hand was on the knocker; then he went to pieces. The collapse was so unexpected that he incontinently thought of flight. That, however, being impossible, he had to stifle his nervousness between the front-door and the drawing-room. This he did by the not uncommon plan of drifting into recklessness. For a time, the careful reserve of Mrs. Hildyard's demeanour kept him in strangling check; but all at once his discretion snapped like a dry twig.

"I can't keep it in any longer!" he blurted out. "I love you! If you tell me to go away, I'll go. and—and—I want you to marry me. I know it seems absurd. I've nothing to give you except my love. I shall never do anything great or make a name for you. I'm not in the least clever; but, if you'll only take me for what I am, I'll—" He broke off. There was a most becoming moisture in Mrs. Hildyard's eyes; her voice had a tremulous softness that made Emerton suddenly look up.

"I don't want you to do anything great or make a name for me. Do you think I should love you any better if you did? I will marry you—as you are."

She rose as she spoke, and Emerton sprang up with a little, joyful cry, and had her in his arms before he could speak a word. His victory had been so easy that it dazed him. To possess the desired of his heart was almost too rich a conquest, and Mrs. Hildyard's cheek was wet, wet with the happiest tears.

"Last night," Emerton said a little later, as they sat hand in hand, like children, "as I was watching you, I thought what a horrible thing it would be to lose you—to know that you would never come any nearer to me."

"You mustn't think about such things any more. Here is Colonel Oliver; tell him all about it."

Later in the day Emerton met Havers. The latter was rather downcast, but he welcomed the other quite cordially. Emerton told him that he was engaged to Mrs. Hildyard.

"I expected it," Havers said. "I proposed to her myself last night, and was refused. It was at the end of the second act."

"Poor old chap!" Emerton said. "I'm sorry."

"I shall get over it," Havers said, a little wearily.

"I gave you a fair chance, didn't I?" asked Emerton eagerly. "I never saw her after that afternoon last week. I guessed how things were going, and I made up my mind to wait until to-day. If you had won last night—"

"But I didn't. Thank you, though, for doing what you did. It was generous of you. Not many men would have done it. I would have done the same by you; I ask you to believe that, although the chance never came."

"I do believe it." They shook hands and parted, Havers to cure his hurt as best he might, and Emerton to walk on air. But the more Emerton thought of his defeated rival, the more he liked him, and the conviction grew that he was a better man than himself.

THE FICHARDTS OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

THE leading people of the Orange Free State capital, next to President Steyn and Mr. Fraser, are the Fichardt family. For the past fifty years they have taken the lead in every commercial enterprise, and are the Whiteleys of the place. Mr. G. A. Fichardt came over from Germany in 1848 (the year when Sir Harry Smith beat

the Boers at Boomplaatz), and was for six years a trader in Bloemfontein under the British Government, until, greatly against the wishes of the townspeople, the independence of the Free State was granted in 1854. Mr. Fichardt senior celebrated the jubilee of his firm the year before last, one of his sons, Mr. George Fichardt, being Mayor of the town at the time. The Fichardts were then not to be distinguished from the best Colonial families, living in a splendidly furnished town-house, equipped after the English style, and with the latest English papers and publications on their table. They have, besides, a delightful country estate, Brand Kop, about four miles to the south-west of the capital, in which may be seen many evidences of



MR. A. E. FICHARDT.

Mr. G. A. Fichardt's hobby of tree-planting. His custom has been to plant over ten thousand saplings each year, though sometimes the whole number have been killed off by the frost in these high altitudes (4500 feet). By the side of his home-farm, shaded by a clump of wattle and blue-gum trees, and protected by a hedge of *wachteen-bietje* thorn, is a kraal for his semi-civilised black dependents, who seemed, when they turned out, with a large number of babies, to be photographed before an ant-heap-like hut, well contented with their existence. It is to be hoped that Brand Kop will not suffer during the English invasion. Mr. Arthur E. Fichardt, another son, is an enthusiastic cricketer, and a prominent member of the Ramblers' Club at Bloemfontein, an institution which corresponds to the Wanderers at



AVENUE FROM THE HOUSE TO LAKE, BRAND KOP (SOUTH-WEST OF BLOEMFONTEIN), THE ESTATE OF MR. FICHARDT, MAYOR OF BLOEMFONTEIN LAST YEAR.

Johannesburg. His wife is a charming and accomplished young German lady. After forty-six years' independence, I trust that this family, who are frequent visitors to London, will elect to become shining lights of the future British South African Dominion.

Those who have been speculating rather "previously" as to when President Kruger will be crowned in Westminster Abbey will be interested in the following description, by a journalist who has seen him and talked to him, of the head of the Transvaal as he may be seen almost daily: "When he travels abroad, he wears a tremendous Major-General's sash across his coat, with a Prussian Order—the Red Eagle of the Fourth Class, or something of the kind—a Portuguese medal, and the familiar stovepipe-hat. His State Carriage, which is preceded by outriders, answers to the description, more or less, of the English 'fly,' and the man on the box-seat looks like a Guy Fawkes one sees being carted about in the streets of London. All this form and ceremony, which is taken quite seriously by the people, is not confined to State occasions only, but is to be seen every day."

"CALL US TO YOUR COUNCILS!"

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, CANADIAN AND IMPERIALIST.

IT is not too much to say that the most prominent political personage in the Empire outside the United Kingdom at the present time is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of the Dominion. The eloquent and patriotic speech which he delivered the other day in the Canadian House of Commons, on the subject of the war in South Africa and the



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

Photo by Topley, Ottawa.

view of that struggle taken by his countrymen—a speech which must have been read everywhere with equal pleasure and pride, except by those who do not love us—not only sustains the high reputation he has won as an orator, but stamps him as a leader of the movement now going forward in our midst whose splendid goal is Imperial Federation.

"Call us to your Councils!"—a sentence which is likely to become historic—is the burden of his message to us. In a sense, he has already been called, for he was sworn a member of the Privy Council in 1897, when he took part, the foremost in the Procession of Premiers, in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. But what

he means is that the Colonies should be represented, as of right, and by duly accredited delegates, in a grand Council of the Empire, sitting at historic Westminster. He has already expressed the conviction that he will sit, if life be spared him a few years longer, as one of the deputies of the Dominion in some such truly Imperial Chamber. So mote it be!

Personally, Sir Wilfrid is in very truth one of the most agreeable of men—of a very kindly, lovable, amiable character, with the polished, refined manners of a gentleman of the fine old French school, based on a transparent sincerity of heart and mind. Sir Oliver Mowat, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, voiced the general sentiment of Canadians when he said that Laurier was a man whom all admired without distinction of party or race. It is characteristic of Sir Wilfrid that he is on terms of the most intimate friendship with his chief political opponents. When he was Leader of the Opposition, he was a constant guest of Sir John Macdonald, who was then Premier. At one of his own dinner-parties, a week or two ago, his principal guest was Sir Charles Tupper, who is his greatest opponent in Canadian politics.

It is, perhaps, as a great orator that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has impressed us most. Superb in French, he is absolutely consummate in English, as those who have heard him speak on any striking occasion must admit. There is a brightness about him, a fervour, a passion, more French than English, it may be said, but the quality of his oratory is only heightened thereby. His funeral oration over the grave of his great friend and foe, Sir John Macdonald, is one of the finest things in any language.

French-Canadians and English-Canadians have mingled their blood together in Africa—true type of the unity of the two races in the Dominion. This is how Laurier speaks of it—

To-day there are men in South Africa representing the two branches of the Canadian family fighting side by side for the honour and the fame of Canada. Already some of them have fallen, giving to their country the last full measure of devotion. Their remains have been laid in the same grave, and there they will remain till the end of time in that last fraternal embrace. Can we not hope that in that grave shall be buried the last vestiges of our former antagonism? If that shall be the result, if we can indulge that hope, if we can believe that in that grave shall be buried these former contentions, the sending of the Contingent would be the greatest service rendered to Canada since Confederation.

What more in keeping with the time and the event? What more stately in language or in expression could there be than this?

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's wonderful gift of speech is greatly helped by his fine presence. Although he has nearly completed his three-score years, he carries his age lightly enough. Both the manner and the methods of his speaking have been compared with those of John Bright, with whose political ideals he has much in common.

Sir Wilfrid has now been in public life for nearly thirty years, having commenced his political career as a member of the Quebec Local Legislature in 1871. He first attained Cabinet rank in 1876, becoming Minister of Inland Revenue in the Mackenzie Administration, a position which he held till 1878, when he retired on the defeat of his party at the polls in that year. For eighteen years thereafter—just think of it!—he remained in "the cold shades of Opposition." In 1896, however, his time came, and, on the Liberals being returned to power, he was entrusted with the Premiership of the Dominion.

While Laurier loves and cherishes the British Empire, he has always very strongly insisted on the view that England must not regard Canada as a colony, but must consider it a nation. In the great speech to which reference has been made, he said, "There has been revealed to the world the birth of a new Power in the West." It is the consciousness of this which gives its deepest meaning to those words of his, "Call us to your Councils."

ROBERT MACHRAY.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A FEW years ago a serious attempt was made to constitute Lent a season for the issue of new books second only to that of Christmas. This, however, has failed, and, beyond the works issued during the first two months of the year, all books of importance are now held over until after Easter, when the spring publishing season commences in earnest.

Judging from the publishers' announcements, as far as they have been issued,

THE SEASON PROMISES WELL,

especially in works of fiction, and also in books upon the first stages of the War in South Africa. During the past month, "Lenten Meditations," "Devotional Manuals," and books of this class have been in demand. There has, however, been a few works issued which appeal to a larger public, such as

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS' "SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE,"

which is an attempt to trace the Philosophy of the Beautiful in European Literature. Mr. Symons states that in Symbolism there is concealment and yet revelation, and he claims for Symbolism, in this work, a place in the eternal beauty of Nature and Art.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS' "FROM CAPE TOWN TO LADYSMITH"

is a fragment by that clever journalist and War-Correspondent. It is written in his graphic and characteristic style, and is vivid in language and picturesque in detail. A most interesting book is

VISCOUNT OSSINGTON'S "JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,"

originally written for private circulation; but, after his death, the manuscript was found in a box, and, being of such a unique character, it was decided to publish it. The volume is in the form of a diary, and extends over a period of fifteen years. It consists of jottings made each day upon the doings in Parliament during the time of Gladstone and Disraeli. Another work of biographical interest is

"MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS, 1831-1900," BY THE HON. GEORGE CHARLES BRODRICK,

who, as journalist, Man of Letters, and Warden of Merton College, Oxford, has viewed the world with open eyes and an open mind, and who has, at the age of seventy, recalled in this volume the impressions of a long and busy life.

As the first holiday season of the year approaches,

FICTION

will be more eagerly sought after than any other class of literature. Amongst novels issued during the past month, the following will be found the most popular:—

"FOLLY CORNER," BY MRS. H. E. DUDENEY,

is a clever novel by a talented writer. The scene is laid in Sussex, and a woman's blind infatuation for a worthless man is the burden of the story.

"THE DEAN OF DARRENDALE," BY WYNTON EVERSLEY.

is the work of a new writer of considerable promise. The author discusses Altruism, Individualism, and Socialism from a very elevated standpoint.

"THEIR SILVER-WEDDING JOURNEY," BY W. D. HOWELLS.

is a counterpart of a previous work, "Their Wedding Journey," by this veteran amongst American writers. It is an account of a journey upon the European Continent worked into fiction, with a full complement of match-making and romance.

GUY BOOTHBY'S NOVEL, "A MAKER OF NATIONS,"

opens at Sheppard's Hotel, Cairo, from which the hero journeys to South America. Here, amid revolution, love, and war, this soldier of fortune eventually finds happiness and success. The book is graphic in language and detail, and will take high rank with the author's many thrilling romances.

"THE REBEL," BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

is a historical romance of the later times of Charles II., and includes an account of the rising at Taunton in 1684. This novel is chivalrous and dramatic, and will be welcomed by all who are interested in a well-told story of this exciting period in history. Another historical romance, and following closely upon the style of Alexandre Dumas, is

"A KENT SQUIRE," BY F. M. HAYES.

The work is a record of the adventures of Ambrose Gwynett, Esq., of Thornhaugh, and deals with persons and incidents in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Duke of Marlborough, the Abbé Gaultier, with exciting times in both London and Paris, give piquancy and flavour to a well-written and exhilarating novel. The book is pleasant to read, and will be welcomed by all who love good fiction full of historical characters.

Now that the Red, White, and Blue and the Shamrock are to the front,

"MR. THOMAS ATKINS," BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY.

will be read with much interest. The book is full of good things about our soldiers, the anecdotes are entertaining and well told, and, as Tommy Atkins is just now the hero of the hour, most readers will enjoy the exceedingly well-written stories about him contained in this volume.

ROYAL NAVY.

SEAMEN AND BOYS.

BOYS are entered from 15 to 16 years of age and **YOUTHS** from 17 to 18 years of age. Boys must be of good character, be able to read and write, and have the will to serve the Queen.

SCALE OF PAY.

BOYS AND YOUTHS receive 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. per week. The cost of their clothing is covered by a Government Grant. Boys and Youths are rated Ordinary Seamen if found fit, and at 18 they are rated Ordinary Seamen if found fit, and at 19 they are rated Petty Officers. Ordinary Seamen receive 11s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per week. Able and Leading Seamen receive 13s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per week. Petty and Chief Petty Officers receive 16s. 6d. to 22s. 6d. per week.



CUTLASS DRILL. ENGINE ROOM RATINGS.

Engine Room Artificers.

Artificers are taken from the following Trades: ENGINE FITTERS, COOPER SMITHS, BLACK SMITHS, and a few ENGINE SMITHS are taken from the following Trades: BLACK SMITHS, COOPER SMITHS, and a few ENGINE SMITHS. They must produce Certificate of Fitness and Qualification. They will be examined as to their fitness and qualification.

Pay from 38s. 6d. to 52s. 6d. a week.

A gratuity of £5 towards expense of clothing is made on entry. A gratuity of £5 towards expense of clothing is made on entry.

Stokers.

Previous experience necessary. Boys and youths of good character, and able to read and write, are taken from the following Trades: ENGINE FITTERS, COOPER SMITHS, BLACK SMITHS, and a few ENGINE SMITHS. They must produce Certificate of Fitness and Qualification. They will be examined as to their fitness and qualification.

Pay from 11s. 8d. to 35s. 6d. per week.

EXTRA PAY. As STOKER MECHANIC, 1s. 8d. a week; as ARTIFICER DIVER, 7d. a week; as TRAINED MAN, 7d. a week; all in addition to the ordinary pay. Stokers previous to 1891 were taken from the following Trades: ENGINE FITTERS, COOPER SMITHS, BLACK SMITHS, and a few ENGINE SMITHS. They must produce Certificate of Fitness and Qualification. They will be examined as to their fitness and qualification.



H.M.S. ST VINCENT, BOYS TRAINING SHIP AT PORTSMOUTH.

EMPLOYMENT ON LEAVING THE ROYAL NAVY. There are many openings in the Admiralty, Dockyards, etc., etc., in which men can earn good wages in addition to pension. For further particulars, apply to the Admiralty Recruiting Department, 22, Spring Gardens, London.



GENERAL INFORMATION.

LENGTH OF SERVICE. is as a rule for 12 years, man's time. Men of good conduct may re-engage for pension. **PENSIONS** are granted after 22 years' man's service, from £15 to £25 a year, and as Chief Gunner, Chief Boatwain or Chief Carpenter, to £100 a year.

MEN disabled or invalided in the service receive **GRATUITIES** according to circumstances and the nature of the injury. Pensioners are allowed to take their families with them, and are free of expense.

PAY is made on full pay, and includes a gratuity of 10s. a week for each child under 16 years of age. **ADDITIONAL PAY.** All Seamen, Petty Officers, Artificers and Stoker ratings, who re-engage after completing time for pension, receive 3s. 6d. a week extra pay. For each Coast Guard rating, 7d. a week.

GRATUITIES. in addition to Pension, to the amount of £10, can be obtained for good conduct when finally leaving the service.

PROVISIONS. A free ration including 1lb. of meat, &c., is given to all ratings. **MEDICAL ATTENDANCE** is given to all ratings. **CLOTHING AND BEDDING.** A credit of at least £25 10s. is given to all ratings on re-engaging to complete 22 years' service.

LEAVE ON FULL PAY. is granted to all ratings, and is payable for 12 months. **COAST GUARD.** is a branch of the Royal Navy, and is open to all ratings.

Apply to the Admiralty Recruiting Department, 22, Spring Gardens, London.

FIELD GUN DRILL.

TRADES.

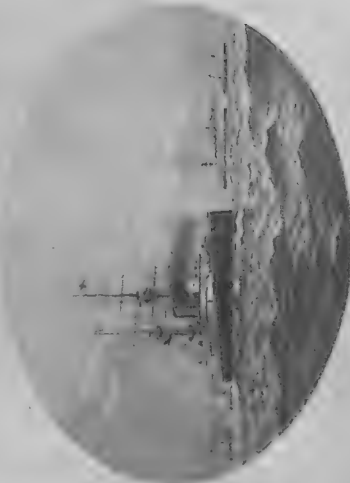
Vacancies frequently occur in Ratings for the following Trades:

Armourers	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Blacksmiths	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Carpenters	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Coopers	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Engine Fitters	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Engine Smiths	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Gunners	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Ironworkers	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Joiners	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Painters	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Shipwrights	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Stokers	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Tinsmiths	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Wagoners	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Wheelwrights	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Wiremen	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week
Yardmen	18 to 28	16s. 4d. on entry to 42s. 6d. per week

Candidates must be strong and healthy, able to read and write, and have the will to serve the Queen. They will be examined as to their fitness and qualification.

A gratuity of £5 towards expense of clothing is made on entry. A gratuity of £5 towards expense of clothing is made on entry.

33 men receive free Rations, and a Gratuity towards cost of their top and bedding.



THE CHANNEL FLEET AT MANCHESTER.

Apply to the Admiralty Recruiting Department, 22, Spring Gardens, London.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Walter Frith's New Play, "The Man of Forty," Produced at the St. James's To-Night—Mr. George Alexander Decides to "follow on" with Mrs. Craigie's New Comedy, and to Leave Sydney Grundy's "Debt of Honour" for the Autumn—Acton Bond—"The Pride of Jennico"—Liliputians at the London Hippodrome—The Lyceum—"Willie's Mrs.," &c.

"THE MAN OF FORTY."

WHEN I first made the acquaintance of "The Man of Forty," some two years ago, at Liverpool, I duly noted the charming cordiality with which he welcomed the lady journalist who came to interview him in the first act, and it was a recollection of this cordiality which emboldened me to invade his special sanctum at the St. James's. And when he came in, closely followed by the great boarhound, Boris, who is his inseparable and devoted companion, I must admit that, though he does not—officially—reassume the character of "The Man of Forty" till the evening of Wednesday, the 28th, he forthwith played his part in the interviewing scene to perfection.

But in reality, as well as in the play, it was a short scene, for, in the huge rehearsal-room under the dome (one of the most useful additions, this, of the rebuilt theatre) a rehearsal of Walter Frith's new play was called for one o'clock, the while the stage was being prepared for the rising of the curtain at 2.30—and again at 8.30—on that "Rupert of Hentzau," who has to abdicate on Tuesday evening, the 27th, in favour of "The Man of Forty."

Some people might have thought that all this made up a sufficiently heavy weight of work for one day, but, then, they could not know Mr. Alexander and his wonderful capacity for enthusiasm and endurance; and, as a matter of fact, he had, even before he put in his appearance at the theatre, been having Mrs. Craigie's just-completed comedy read over to him, grasped its possibilities, and so altered his future arrangements as to allow of its following Walter Frith's new play, thus leaving Sydney Grundy's "Debt of Honour" for the opening of the Autumn season.

Really this particular Man of Forty is a wonderful person!

But even he admitted that, if he had not played in the piece on tour and worked at it constantly during the last two years, this "quick-change" production would have been almost impossible. As it is, the last act has been entirely rewritten; and then there are some alterations in the cast, Miss Esmé Beringer now taking the strong part of the burlesque actress, Miss Claire Dispenser, and the beautiful Australian, Mrs. Maesmore Morris, figuring as the lady journalist, Miss Lillian Vachell, while the Captain Dennis Garner will be Mr. Dennis Eadie, who has played Mr. Alexander's parts in his repertoire touring company, and is, indeed, curiously like him in appearance and style; Mr. C. Aubrey Smith undertaking, in addition to his onerous duties as business-manager of the St. James's, the responsibilities of the husband of the handsome Mrs. Portman, the woman whose passionately proffered love the Man of Forty puts aside delicately but firmly, for is not her husband his friend? This is Miss Granville's original part, in which she will reappear.

Miss Fay Davis will once more be the Man of Forty's daughter Elsie—just one of the parts which best suit her girlish style; and to Miss Julie Opp falls the splendid part of Mrs. Egerton, in which—if she plays with the same depth of pathos and passion which made her performance on tour a memorable one—she is likely to make a great success.

Mr. H. B. Irving once more doubles—and differentiates in wonderfully clever fashion—the parts of Roger Dunster, adventurer and wife-deserter; and Lewis Dunster, his twin-brother, the millionaire's secretary, almost pathetically devoted to the man who has given him a chance in life, though the very depth of this devotion makes his gratitude tongue-tied.

As to "The Man of Forty" himself, his part is rich in the comedy in which Mr. Alexander really revels, though the lightness is well contrasted with moments which reach the tension of tragedy. Altogether, he is quite at his best as Frederic Lee-Fanshawe, M.P. and millionaire, the man who in his early youth had been able only to peep at the pleasant things of life through the iron-barred doors of poverty,

and who, now in his prime, grasps with both hands the goods the gods—and unexpected wealth—have given him. He has been stinted of love, too, but it has come to him now in glorious fulness from the beautiful woman, Mrs. Egerton, whom—with her two little children—he has rescued from grinding poverty and for whom his chivalrous tenderness has made life beautiful. At first there had been a barrier between them, but news has just come that the husband who had made her life a hell and then deserted her has died in South Africa, and so at last happiness is at its height with them.

And then comes the tragedy, for it is on this very man, adventurer and villain, but plausible, handsome fellow, too, that Fanshawe's young daughter has set her heart. So it is that he comes to the house to plead his suit, and is brought face to face with the wife whom his tool, the actress, had persuaded of his death, so that he might the better blackmail the man who was to be her husband. At first he weaves round her so tight a coil of threats to her children and to the man she loves that she is strangled into silence; but when, at last, the hideous revelation comes, it is of the innocent young daughter that Fanshawe first thinks, for her sweetness has won its own way into his heart, and the father realises that it is his unthinking neglect of her that has made the hungry little heart catch eagerly at the plausibly told tale of love.

But Death breaks a way through Fate's blind alley, and, sweeping Roger Dunster out of their path, leaves those three to take the road to happiness—those four really, for gallant Captain Dennis Garner, now "V.C.," catches Elsie's heart in the rebound; it had never really gone far away, and, though no word has been said by her father of the dead man's unworthiness, the truth comes to her in spite of him. Naturally, just at first the knowledge is very bitter, but time, the great healer (to say nothing of the young lover), makes all well once more.

And this happy ending is brought about in a most effective and pathetic last scene, in which also—as now written—the two women come together, though the knowledge that the Mrs. Egerton who is to be her father's wife was really Mrs. Dunster is always kept from Elsie.

So, altogether, "The Man of Forty" is a vastly interesting person—I began to tell him so, but interview and rehearsal were both over, and already his silvered hair was being covered with the ruddy locks which assist in his transformation into Rudolf Rassendyll!

However, we shall all have a chance of signifying our approval in the usual manner on and after the night of Wednesday, the 28th.

MARTIN HARVEY'S UNDERSTUDY.

Mr. Acton Bond, who played Sydney Carton in "The Only Way" during the recent illness of Mr. Martin Harvey, usually personates the Comte de Fauchet ("No. 46") in this most successful version of "A Tale of Two Cities." It is one of those short parts that are so complete that, if played with conviction and a sense of period, they bring the actor a sure round of applause on his exit.

Mr. Acton Bond has done no little work in London. For two seasons he was at the Lyceum, under Sir Henry Irving, in the runs of "Henry VIII.," "Becket," in which play he was the original-Louis-VII., the French King, otherwise the Monk King, "King Lear," "Richelieu"; he also played lead in the special performance of Lord Tennyson's "Foresters" which Sir Henry gave to secure the copyright. Miss Violet Vanbrugh played Maid Marian, and Mr. Bond the Robin Hood. He has also played in the Ibsen plays the principal parts in "The Master Builder" and "Hedda Gabler," a special engagement with Miss Elizabeth Robins, and any number of leading parts on tour. To mention a few of the plays: "The Silver King," "Moths," "A Man's Shadow," "Caste," "The New Magdalen," "Othello," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Captain Swift."

"THE PRIDE OF JENNICO."

New plays follow one another with astonishing rapidity in America. Also, these new plays have of late mostly a habit of arousing controversy and newspaper warfare, not because they treat of any deep problem of life, but because, as in the case of "Papa's Wife," "The Rounders," "The Girl from Maxim's," the recently suppressed "Sapho," and so on, they are somewhat saucy adaptations of extremely naughty French originals.



MR. ACTON BOND AS THE COMTE DE FAUCHET ("NO. 46") IN "THE ONLY WAY."

He very successfully played Mr. Martin Harvey's part in the same play during the indisposition of the brilliant young manager. Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The newest American play, however, originally tested at Baltimore, Maryland, a few weeks ago, but first produced in "regular" fashion in New York City on the 5th inst., is, happily, not of this now too prevailing prurient type. It is called "The Pride of Jennico," and is a romantic drama (somewhat in "The Prisoner of Zenda" style) adapted by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, "assisted" by Miss Grace Livingston Furniss, from certain incidents in the novel of the same name, written by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Its story briefly shows how Basil Jennico (the Heir of Tollendhal), a very dashing hero, proposes for the fair hand of the Princess Otilie of Dornheim. His proposal, however, is made by way of the Princess's waiting-maid; that is, as Jennico supposes. As a matter of fact, the Kate-Hardecastle-like Princess has really disguised herself as her own waiting-maid, in order, while in frolicsome mood, to "sound" Jennico's intentions. A secret marriage ensues, when almost before you can say "Bless you, my children!" Jennico discovers that he has been duped, and, believing that he has only married the waiting-maid, speedily waxes wroth thereat, and flies awhile.

In the complications that follow, sundry villains cause the carrying off of the royal bride to a certain mountain-gorge, where (as poor Henry J. Byron used to say) there are "Robbers feeding." In point of fact, the sometime ill-fated Otilie is "held" by brigands, and is much perplexed by them and sundry more or less unscrupulous Gipsies, among whom is a very lovely but lurid Romany lass named Michel, who, with sundry other principals, is shown in the *Sketch* pictures of the play, taken on the spot—meaning, of course, the theatre, not the mountain-gorge.

Anon, after many attempts have been made to assassinate and otherwise "remove" the now bride-seeking Jennico, he rescues that much-coveted damsel, after a terrific sword-fight, in which he vanquishes one after another of his assailants in rapid succession. Soon, on the valiant Jennico finding that the lady he has learned to deeply love and has rescued is really the Princess, all ends happily—that is, for the virtuous.

Mr. J. H. Hackett, one of America's most popular *jeune premiers*, acts Jennico with wonderful dash and glamour; Miss Bertha Galland (who is the only comparatively short member of an exceedingly tall company) is sweetly arch and emotional by turns as the subsequently captured Princess; Mr. Brigham Boyce is an artistic villain, and Miss Grace Reals is one of the most picturesque Gipsy girls ever seen on any stage. We are to see "The Pride of Jennico" (photographed elsewhere) in London anon.

LILIPUTIANS AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The shrewd Management of that magnificent new Palace of Recreation, the London Hippodrome, secures a succession of big houses by carrying out a rational policy. This is the constant freshening of the attractive

Now, the Hippodrome should procure for itself prime advertisement by bringing about the marriages of these eligible young couples at St. Martin's Church, where I remember seeing a well-matched giant and giantess linked in matrimony, with the Two-Headed Nightingale as bridesmaids, some years ago. Reminiscent of General Tom Thumb and of the miniature Italian nobleman who had the supreme felicity of leading Tom Thumb's widow to the altar is the procession of "tiny, teeney" carriages, drawn by gems of ponies into the ring, wherein the Colibris alight to sing, dance, juggle, perform acts of ground and lofty tumbling, and what not.

Speaking of the London Hippodrome, Mr. Moss's direction of which is beyond reproach, it is most ridiculous, unjust, and it is a great inconvenience to the public, that a stupidly intolerant section of the County Council should have withheld from it a reasonable liquor licence. A few yards westwards in Cranbourn Street, however, the magic wand of Mr. Richard Baker, most tasteful of *restaurateurs*, has raised in the popular Brasserie de l'Europe a handsome, brilliant, and most comfortable Lager Beer Restaurant, which, with its resplendently decorated and spacious halls and its melodious bands of music, provided quite gratuitously, may be rightly pronounced without an equal in "Gay Paree," and an unfailing source of inexpensive pleasure to Londoners. The lustrous decorative art, indeed, in which Mr. Richard Baker glories as much as he relies upon good management and the provision of the best of fare at cheap prices, has surely reached the pitch of perfection in the splendid Restaurant and Brasserie de l'Europe, and in the beautiful new establishment adjacent, the Queen's Hotel, built on the site of the vanished Hôtel de Paris in Leicester Square.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Mr. Benson is fulfilling his promises, and on Thursday night gave the fifth of his Shaksperian productions during his short tenancy. The play of "Twelfth Night," of course, has not the interest to us of "Henry the Fifth" or "Richard the Third," since it is well known by playgoers. A successful if somewhat highly coloured performance was given. Many scenes were rendered excellently, and particular praise may be given to Mr. Swete for his curious Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in which he reminded playgoers of Mr. Herbert Ross and also of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. G. R. Weir was agreeably amusing as Sir Toby. But for some over-acting in his scene with Olivia, Mr. Benson's ingenious Malvolio would have been a valuable piece of work.

Mr. Benson has arranged with Mr. John Coleman to produce his long-talked-of adaptation of "Pericles" at the ensuing Shakspeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Coleman will enact the Prince of Tyre, and the work will, it is said, be not without spectacular splendour.

"WILLIE'S MRS."

Mr. Malyon Hesford's play, given at one of the very rare trial-matinées of the season, attracted an audience which included half the "stars" of musical comedy, drawn, no doubt, to see how Miss Connie Ediss and Miss Rosie Boote would bear themselves on the legitimate boards, and pleased, no doubt, to see that their work was somewhat affected by a lack of training. They were able to entertain what might almost be called a professional audience. Mr. Hesford has not been very fortunate in the choice of a subject, but shows quite sufficient ability to make one hope he will try again, and, indeed, "Willie's Mrs.," though, perhaps, not strong enough for London, in all probability would do well in the provinces.

Few more flourishing amateur dramatic clubs exist in London than that known as the "Vaudeville Club," which was first established in 1870. On Thursday, March 22, at St. George's Hall, it gave its 164th performance before a large and well-pleased audience. The piece selected on this occasion was "The Rivals," and its interpretation was in the hands of a very fine all-round company, selected almost entirely from among the Club membership. Professional assistance, however, was rendered by Miss Mabel Archdall in the part of Lydia Languish, which she played with great charm and skill. During her stage career this young actress has been seen chiefly in Mr. Louis N. Parker's various plays. She did excellent work at Terry's Theatre during Mr. Scott Buist's recent tenancy, and has also been seen at the Garrick and the Avenue.

Much has been written and said about the accuracy of detail and local colour in the production of "Don Juan's Last Wager," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Amongst the members of the company is Mr. Herbert Sleath, who plays Don Luis. Strange to say, he spent a considerable time amongst the Spaniards in Central America. Amongst his many experiences in that part of the world, he tells the following amusing story: "A few years ago, I was one of a surveying party travelling from Belize, in the State of Honduras, to Tenosighe. On the journey I had occasion to stop at a place called Peten, where the inhabitants were keeping one of their *fiestas*, and I presume they thought it a good opportunity to make a stranger pay his footing. The result was that a deputation called upon me and asked if I would generously subscribe towards getting up a dance. I replied that I had no objection, but at the moment I had no money on me. One of the deputation noticed that I was wearing a little gold ring, and so eventually they proposed that I should hand this over as security for my subscription. To this I willingly agreed. The dance was given, native music and everything in the very best style. The next day I went round to redeem my promise and my ring. They asked me for two dollars. I had paid the entire expenses of the dance!"



THE "COLIBRIS LILIPUTIAN COMBINATION."

Photo by Nauman, Leipzig.

programme. As a consequence, "All London" flocks to this superbly grand place of amusement. Now it is a fascinating and accomplished new equestrienne who charms us: Anon it is a daring acrobat or a clever juggler. On the present page of *The Sketch* is printed a photograph of the "Colibris Liliputian Combination," the talented members of which afford much diversion to the Gullivers who fill the seats of the Hippodrome. Prince Pietro, designated the smallest man living, had, in his infancy, a cigar-box as a cradle. He is nineteen, 26 in. high, and weighs 11 lb. I gather from Mr. Henry W. Garrick, the courteous Press representative, that Prince Pietro's comrade, Prince Andree, is twenty years old, 29 in. high, weight 15 lb.; General Todd is twenty-five years old, 34 in. high; Madame Dedal is 33 in. high, twenty-eight years old, and has been a widow for the last six years (my widower friends may like to know); Princess Thérèse is the smallest lady existing, nineteen years old; M. Henry is twenty-six years old, 42 in. high, and the wit of the company; Admiral Piccolomini is twenty-five years old, 35 in. high; Prince Nicolai is twenty-two years old, 26 in. high, 14 lb. in weight; and that Mlle. Isabella is nineteen years old, 35 in. high.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Preparing for the Season—A Cycling Story—Sunday Trip to Surrey—The Desecration of the Sabbath—Cyclists and the War Fund—Riding and Walking.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 28, 7.24; Thursday, 7.25; Friday, 7.27; Saturday, 7.29; Sunday, April 1, 7.31; Monday, 7.32; Tuesday, 7.33.

Let me suggest to those who have not been doing much riding during the winter months to set about getting themselves into trim. It is the greatest mistake to set out for a long ride when your muscles are not in condition. It produces only tiredness and irritability, and a wish that you had never started. If you are going away for three or four days at Easter, have a day of good riding now and again, and put in a half-day or a couple of hours when you get the chance. Further, have your bicycle properly overhauled. If you can do this yourself, you will probably do it much better than the average repairer, who is inclined to be careless. But it is a dirty job, and the best plan is to be at the repairer's shop and watch whilst the man is examining your machine. See that all the nuts are properly tightened up, that neither of the wheels wobble, and that none of the nuts are broken. Do not, however, always imagine that because there is a gritty noise in the bearings this signifies a broken nut. The noise is probably caused by nothing more than a little grit. These injunctions almost seem unnecessary to anybody who takes the slightest interest in the welfare of his machine. But, whenever I go out riding and halt at an inn where other cyclists are staying, I generally give a glance at the machines standing about, and what has struck me very much is the very shaky condition most of them are in.

Somebody should make a collection of cycling yarns. They would certainly outvie the very finest of fishing stories. The latest I have heard recounts how a wheelman was riding in the neighbourhood of Worcester after dark, when a brawny constable stopped him and demanded to know why he was riding without a light. Not a moment's pause elapsed before the cyclist framed his excuse. "See that bicycle?" he said, pointing on ahead to the glimmer of a light in the road. "Well, that machine is my better-half; it is part of this machine, you understand. I was riding tandem, when the parts became unglued; my wife rode ahead, not knowing what had happened; when I recovered my senses she was out of shouting distance." The constable was, it is said, still gasping when the cyclist had got up to eight miles an hour.

All London cyclists, at least, should rally to the support of the London and Brighton Line when they take to running a special Sunday train from Victoria to Dorking for the accommodation of wheelmen. The train is to leave Victoria at ten in the morning, and get back about six, whilst the charge will be less than an ordinary fare and will include the conveyance of the bicycle. We cyclists are constantly crying out against the railway companies. Now that a distinct concession has been made, we should not give the directors an opportunity of saying that they will do no more, because the cyclists have not taken advantage of what has already been done. This special train may be taken purely as an experiment, and, if it be successful, then the wheelmen will be offered advantages from all the companies throughout the country. At present, the Irish lines seem right ahead of those in this country in providing for their wheelmen. Only sixpence is charged for carrying the cycle fifty miles, and return-tickets are issued for them at a fare and a-half. Further, the vans are specially fitted up for cycles.

Those who hold very strong opinions about the observance of Sunday have, of course, a perfect right to express them. The following pronouncement of the Newcastle Presbytery is, therefore, interesting—

With regard to Sunday cycling and Church Parades, whilst the former, as one of the causes which affected attendance during the summer months, was less

objectionable than those forms of excursion which employed men and horses, their young people were urged to avoid anything that might violate the sacred character of the day. There was no doubt that much Sunday cycling was a desecration of the Lord's Day, both in letter and in spirit. How far Sunday Church Parades came under this description was a question upon which people might differ, and concerning which they thought the Court ought not to come to a dogmatic decision. At the same time, they were of opinion that the Presbytery ought to take advantage of the present opportunity to emphasise the duty of all truly Christian people to do their utmost to maintain the sacred character of the Lord's Day, and to prevent the cultivation of the physical side claiming an undue share of time and thought.

It is one of the most unworthy of charges to say that men who cycle on the Sunday are degenerate and irreligious. Generally speaking, the average young man is not an enthusiastic church- or chapel-goer, and, if there were no such things in the world as cycles, he would probably occupy his Sunday in some other way than going to worship. Religion is not a mere matter of going to church twice on Sunday; it is rather one of general conduct. As cycling takes a man away from the grime and dullness of City life into the bright and happy country, he must be benefited morally as well as physically. So to cycle on Sunday is really beneficial even from the religious point of view. Many country parsons are recognising this, and all praise is due to them for the little Sunday-afternoon services they have organised.

Everybody who mixes with the Sunday crowd of wheelmen knows that they are a healthy-minded set. Temperance advocates, I think, should be particularly enthusiastic about wheeling. I know nothing that is bringing about abstinence among young men more than cycling. Drinking is fatal to continuous and enjoyable riding, and the cyclist has learnt that he gets far more pleasure by keeping away from drink. If you have ever looked in at some well-known cyclists' hostelry in the country, you will have noticed that at least half the men are drinking nothing stronger than ginger-beer, while the others are generally very sparse in what they do take in the way of intoxicating liquor.

Wheelmen are as patriotic as anybody, and they have probably contributed their full share towards the funds to benefit the poor women and children who are brought near distress through the husbands and fathers being away in South Africa. Australian cyclists have directly contributed largely to provide money for the women and children of the Australian Contingent. But nothing of that kind has been attempted by the big Cycling Clubs at home. A proposal was made a little time ago that the Cyclists' Touring Club, being the principal representative body in England, should open a subscription list. The Secretary strongly resisted this plan, on the ground that there was a difference of opinion in England as to the merits of the War, and that it was

well for the C.T.C. to keep clear of politics. Such an argument is rubbish. Providing for the poor and unfortunate women and children has nothing to do with political issues involved in the War. Besides, an objection to help the widows and fatherless through a subscription comes, I must say, very badly from a man who, when he was in bad health, accepted money out of the funds of the C.T.C. in order that he might have a sea-voyage. It was quite right, of course, he should receive this little courtesy from the Club, because he was ill, and had worked energetically for the Club. But, on the other hand, he should remember there are others to whom a little assistance may now and then be beneficial.

A wail reaches me from a young lady who says that cycling is making her a bad walker. This is likely enough. I am not so blindly enthusiastic a wheelman as to be absolutely oblivious to some of the disadvantages of cycling. Time and time again I have written about the enormous advantages that cycling gives. But there are one or two things on the other side of the shield. Those who cycle a good deal are certainly inclined to round-shoulders. The best antidote for this is, of course, to go in for boating as well. It is a fact that cyclists generally are bad walkers. They do not hold themselves upright, but have a curious, slouching gait. Excess is bad in all things.—J. F. F.



MISS LOUIE FREEAR ON HER WHEEL.

This clever little actress is at present playing Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Her Majesty's Theatre. Photo by Thomas, Cheap-side.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

About Liverpool. The Liverpool Meeting will this year be a big draw, and it can be taken for granted that the Emerald Isle will be well represented on the Stands on Friday to see Ambush II. perform in the Grand National. Although the charges to Tattersall's Ring and the Paddock are so high, it is no uncommon thing



"BRABANT'S HORSE": A TROOPER IN MARCHING ORDER.

to see a good sprinkling of priests in the enclosures, and, from the opinions I have heard these gentlemen express when the horses have been running, I should imagine they knew a great deal about chasers and chasing. The Semi-State Procession is one of the sights of the Liverpool Meeting. When the Earl of Derby entertains any member of the Royal Family, all the smart carriages at Knowsley are brought into requisition, and these are driven right into the Paddock to the back entrance of the Derby Stand. Lord Derby owns some very fine cattle, and I fancy I would rather have his carriage-horses than his racehorses—that is, for everyday use.

The Grand National. I think the great cross-country race of the year will, on this occasion, be a very fine spectacle. Manifesto can be relied on to get the course, and the big fences will suit this reliable horse. Hidden Mystery has been once round the track successfully, but this time he has to go twice. If he stands up, he will as nearly as possible win, but there is a big "if" in the case. Romanoff is a splendid chaser, trained to the hour. He is dangerous, and old Barcalwhay is very likely to get a place; but I shall go right out for Ambush II. in my attempt to find the absolute winner in once. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's purchase has plenty of weight, but I am told he is one of the most improved horses in Ireland. The Liverpool Spring Cup, on Saturday, will not attract a large field, and I think Lackford has a good chance on paper.

Northampton. The sport at this old-fashioned meeting is, as a rule, of sufficient interest to attract the workers of the town of St. Crispin in their thousands, but the fixture does not hold its own with some of the more fashionable meetings. The Rothschild colours are often seen to the fore at the meeting, and this year Mr. Leopold has a good chance of taking the Earl Spencer's Plate with Cracko, who was tried the other day. The Northamptonshire Stakes has fallen from its once high estate, and it will be a surprise if ten horses in all compete for the race next week. Sir E. Cassel, who is going in for racing stronger than ever, has Marius II. and Gadfly engaged, but they are not quite fit yet. I think School Girl, who has been hurdle-jumping, has a great chance with only 7 st. 2 lb. to carry, and she may experience most danger from Wild Rose gelding.

Pedigrees of Owners. The Stewards of the National Hunt Committee insist on the pedigree of every horse being given in full until the animal has run under their rules. I propose, in addition, that the biography of every new owner running horses under the winter rules be printed on the race-cards. According to all accounts, some of the men who run jumpers have only to be

known to be avoided, and it is very evident that it is necessary to follow certain men, and not horses, at the winter game to make money. The in-and-out form shown day after day is quite bad enough to call for inquiry, and I wonder that some owners and jockeys have not been warned off. The general impression prevails in certain circles that several jockeys know what is to be the ultimate winner before the white flag has fallen, and that certain of the ragged order of owners simply run horses to make a bit out of them, not by winning, but by getting a bit out of other people's winnings.

Deceased Winners. Some of the little weekly papers which run coupon competitions adopt peculiar methods, if what a correspondent tells me is true. He says, "I happened to get a circular from the paper I mention, and, to stop the nuisance, I got a neighbour of mine to write 'Deceased' across the envelope and to return it to the sender. Judge, then, of my surprise when, a fortnight later, I read in the paper my name and address as a winner of a prize." My correspondent should have sent in a claim, and insisted on having the money. He might not have got it, but, at any rate, the game would have been shown up. Of course, I do not question the *bona-fides* of the coupon competitions that are so successfully and honourably carried on by the big newspapers. Those I happen to know are perfectly straight, and for that reason guessers should only patronise the contests they know something about.

Commission Agents. While so many owners are retiring from the turf, it is at least interesting to hear that the big Commission Agents are thriving. One of the leading Agents has, I hear, just built a new mansion which cost £25,000, and another has just invested £60,000 in gilt-edged securities. I presume, therefore, that the Commission Agent, who is a real live man as a rule, does not necessarily back the same horses that are fancied by his employers. Perhaps he is lucky enough to find something that beats the horses he has worked commissions for. Anyway, the Commission Agents, or the majority of them, do quite as well as the bookmakers do, and often a bit better.

Racecourse Refreshments. Clerks of Courses should see to it that only refreshments of the best possible quality are retailed on our racecourses. As I have stated many times before, it is possible to get a good luncheon and palatable drinks at some of the suburban courses, while at others one has to go in for a



"MR. GOODNIGHT," THE WONDERFUL HORSE AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME THAT UNDRESSES AND GOES TO BED.

Photo by Langley, Old Bond Street, W.

long fast or to pay the penalty in more ways than one. The railway companies are catering more than ever for racegoers attending meetings at long distances, and it must be admitted that the railway menu is an improvement on that to be faced on many a country racecourse.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

PARLIAMENT, and the fictitious arrival of Spring (as duly announced by the calendar), have conjointly a good deal to do with the arrival of a good many people in town. For that blinds are being rolled up and furniture is being uncovered for a coming campaign no one can deny. Still, the fabled season of the poets lags coyly, and March may be even said to have out-Marched itself in



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN OF STRAPPINGS. [Copyright.]

disagreeableness, dreariness, and a disgusting atmospheric behaviour generally this year. People are trickling back, notwithstanding, from Egypt, Mediterranean shores, and Switzerland to the unaccustomed cosiness of cheery firesides, and, with the perennial optimism of queer human nature, are even setting their wardrobes in order, in the fond hope of being able, at no distant period, to venture forth in the cheerfully coloured garments of spring.

As far as clothes go, too, a certain phase of crudity seems not unlikely to come in for a hearing in the present excited state of patriotic public feeling. We are threatened with not alone khaki, but a visitation of the red, the blue, and the white which appear in the flag that has "boldly braved," &c. Now, those tones, however vivid and inspiring in the battle and the breeze, are distinctly of questionable beneficence when applied to the feminine complexion, and it is a consummation to be prayed for that dressmakers will relent before the ukase goes forth finally proclaiming such a pitilessly unbecoming, such a disastrous repertoire. It has even been suggested that a shamrock-green be added to this roll-call of commanding colour. And, if these flaunting red, blue, and white are in the running, why, indeed, not emerald-green?

But it is still to be hoped that, between the gaiety of such a quartet and the uncompromising dulness and ugliness of khaki, a minor key, a nuance, will be discovered which, while suggesting our passionate loyalty, will also evidence a tactful consciousness of our physical limitations in the matter of colouring and complexion.

In Dublin, I hear, poplin-makers are introducing charming shades in the national colour, which will, of course, be in great demand consequent on the Queen's visit. Great indeed are the rejoicings and preparations amongst all classes, and it is a good hearing, moreover, and but what one expected from Paddy's natural good-breeding and cheery courtesy, that such cheap invective and hysterical incoherency as that indulged in by Miss Anna Parnell and a few—very few—others have but earned the dissent and disapprobation of all grades. For, whatever the Hibernian's catalogue of failings, there is no lack of fine instinct of hospitality to the stranger within his gates, nor of a responsive generosity in wiping out old scores—more especially when the hand held out in fellowship is that of his Sovereign. Nobly has the Queen emphasised the noble work of her Irish soldiers, and on the part of those who are left to welcome her to their country there can be but one feeling, and that of loyal and hearty welcome.

A few years ago, when the art of appropriately and correctly fitting one's drawing-room or boudoir according to the Empire style was first exploited, women who had outlived most other phases, from Jacobean to Japanese, welcomed the revived mode with enthusiasms, and straightway set themselves—those who could afford it—to substitute *chaise longue*, *tabouret*, and other stately but uneasy forms of furniture for the comforting but inartistic Chesterfields and "club-chairs" of this sprawling generation. Now, a similar state of restlessness and recoil from things that be has smote the dressmaking tribe hip and thigh apparently, for Paris dressmakers are unearthing Empire modes, and imposing the same upon a half-reluctant generation with the utmost activity. With them are working the coiffeurs of gay Lutetia, who are



THE PREVAILING COAT-AND-SKIRT. [Copyright.]

everywhere exploiting the charms of little, wavy curls at both sides of the head, while behind the parting high loops rise suddenly, recalling the demure and picturesque great-grandmother whose miniature is amongst our precious possessions, paired with that of a young man in a cut-away coat and many-folded stock whom we cherish as a paternal forbear.

The straight outlines of the Empire-gown are, indeed, by no means unbeautiful, more especially when the outer fabric is a gauzy mousseline, or lace, through which the closely fitted lines of the silk or satin are shown. Long cloaks and paletots in the Empire fashion are no less a vogue in Paris than the Empire-gown, and when trained, as they usually are, adapt themselves most becomingly to those of slender figure. The trains seem, indeed, to grow longer apace, and, if the fashion runs its course of enlargement and increase, as fashions usually do, we may arrive at that stage where, as in the 'forties, dancing is regarded as an impossibility, and even walking becomes a somewhat reckless pastime when indulged by the ultra-fashionable.

"There is a wind blows from the Este," wrote the poetic and practical Chaucer, "that's neither good for man or beste," and with the ancient classic anyone spending March in this shrivelled island is inclined feelingly to agree. Not only does it wither one's complexion, embitter one's benevolent nature, and double one's account with the coal-merchant, it, moreover, springs leakages innumerable in this



A CHARMING RECEPTION-GOWN.

mortal frame, not to mention what Mr. Kruger would call the immense moral and intellectual damages that it deals forth besides. So many people are in their doctors' hands, in fact, at this deadly and uncomfortable time of year that it cannot be out of order to remark upon the beauty and use of such effective preventatives as the St. Raphael Quinquina Tonic Wine, for example, which, taken before or after one's ordinary-meals, seems to keep all possible megrims and microbes at bay by ensuring a healthy appetite for food, and the power, moreover, to digest it. St. Raphael Quinquina, as its name indicates, contains a certain proportion of the most invaluable pick-me-up ever discovered. But it is not alone the quinine ingredient that forms its chiefest recommendation; other astringent and strengthening mediums are also employed, and this invaluable wine, which tastes like tawny port, should, in a word, be domesticated in every household, more particularly in these trying months of spring, when the constitution of the stoutest islander needs all the assistant accessories possible to enable it to defy and set at naught the malignant climate in which it has pleased an inscrutable Providence to cast his wind-ridden lot.

Another matter of importance to the well-informed housekeeper which should be mentioned in this temporary desertion of the clothes

topic is the immediate and intimate knowledge of a recently introduced article euphoniously called "Eueryl." Briefly, "Eueryl" is a disinfectant of the most approved and efficacious type—such a one, in fact, as has called forth from a noted French scientist the highest eulogiums. This gentleman has, it seems, been busying himself anent the unsavoury subject of human perspiration, and has satisfactorily proved that dogs and rabbits inoculated thereby have died within a given time, which proves our poisonous, disgusting human nature, but also seems hard on the dogs and rabbits. (Anti-vivisectionists please copy.) Meanwhile, the business in hand seems to be, use "Bath Eueryl"—which, being cheap, wholesome, and easily procured of any chemist or "stores," should, by all accounts, occupy a prominent position in the carefully-looked-after store-cupboard of the average British householder.

Apropos des bottes, and this time literally, a new invention has been brought forward which will, no doubt, appeal to the economically minded as of extremely practical purpose. It is a form of inner sole, called the "Oroco Sox," which can be applied to all sorts of foot-gear, keeping the feet dry and warm, allowing perfect ventilation, and being, moreover, possible at the extremely unalarming price of eighteen pairs for a humble shilling. Benevolent dames on Dorcas charities intent should find these inexpensive accessories to creature-comfort very welcome to their pensioners and protégés; they can be obtained from the Oroco Company, Wigan, or of any draper.

Apropos of matters charitable, it is to be hoped that a special measure of success will attend the variety *matinée*, to be held at Drury Lane in May, which Madame Cellini is working up so energetically on behalf of Princess Christian's Homes of Rest for our disabled soldiers and sailors. Madame Cellini can be seen at 39, Brook Street, W., any Monday afternoon, or will forward particulars to those anxious to help onward this admirable work.

The consummation of Royal weather is one devoutly to be wished during Her Majesty's stay in Ireland, for a modicum of unmixed sunshine would so much tend to the greater gaiety of even that naturally cheerful nation. Almost, indeed, it would now seem as if Tommy Moore spoke to the land he loved in prophecy when writing of it—

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease;
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace.

And so, perhaps, even at this late hour, the gentle thought of a generous Sovereign may bring about that fusion of hearts and long-estranged sympathies which the poet's song foreshadowed in those dark days of estranged Georgian maladroitness and bigoted administration.—SYBIL.

THE SHAH'S VISIT TO EUROPE.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA is the only Monarch who has accepted an invitation to visit the Paris Exhibition in his official capacity, and there are in England certain high officials who wish that His Majesty's tour was not planned to extend further west, especially under existing circumstances. But, in view of the advances made by Russia towards the Persian Gulf, the inevitable must be faced, and the "Light of the Universe" be as right-royally entertained as he was eleven years ago, when Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was his cicerone. Muzaffer-ed-Din is not an old man, and, indeed, has only just celebrated his forty-seventh birthday, but he is one of the shrewdest rulers in the world. Knowing perfectly well that the only chance of continued existence which he and his country possess is by alternately favouring the Briton and the Muscovite, he pulls the strings in most adroit fashion, at one time giving a concession to English enterprise, at another to Russian development, and it is no secret that by working the financial oracle skilfully the Shah has amassed an enormous fortune, which, perhaps it is needless to say, is not invested in national securities.

If it can possibly be managed without giving offence, the Shah will not, during his visit to London, be lodged at Buckingham Palace, but at Dorchester House, where the Afghan Prince was entertained. The fact is, to put it delicately, the Persian autocrat has peculiar tastes, and on the occasion of his last visit it was only by the tact of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff that considerable misunderstandings between the Shah's suite and the Royal officials were smoothed over. It is extremely likely that the good offices of Sir Henry, now our Ambassador at Madrid, may again be commanded or commandeered. He has great influence over the Persian potentate. When he was asked what was the greatest difficulty which he had to contend with during the visit of the Shah, Sir Henry replied with diplomatic tact, "To persuade His Majesty that when he buys a jeweller's shop in Bond Street, he must, at least, insure the vendor against brigandage."

It would probably be imagined by the majority of Britons that the Shah and the Sultan, both being Mohammedan despots, were on the best of terms; but this is far from being the case. The Persians belong to the Shiah sect, and hate the orthodox Turks as bitterly as do some of our Dissenters the Established Church. The Shah is careful to keep up the feud, and now and again throws oil on the fire by ostentatiously patronising the Armenian Christians, many of whom are his subjects. The Sultan retaliates by encouraging Kurdish raids. The Armenians are always the sufferers.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 9.

ON 'CHANGE.

THE past week has been more cheerful than we have been used to lately, for there has been a good bit of investment business going on, besides quite a "boomlet" in Yankee Rails. Small applicants for "Khakis" have no cause to grumble, for they have got 80 per cent. of what they asked for, which is really more than many of them wanted. All the enthusiasm of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the patriotic small investor is, no doubt, most laudable, but everybody who is familiar with the Stock Exchange and its ways knows what a farce the whole thing is. A gentleman of our acquaintance, with an income of at least £20,000 a-year, applied for £10,000 of "Khakis," and got £600; a second sent in two applications of £5000 each, one in his own name and one in his wife's name, and got £1200 allotted; while a professional "stag" whom we know well sent in twenty applications of £500 each in various names, and has been allotted £8000, of which, to our personal knowledge, £2000 was sold before allotment at 2½ premium. Poor, dear Sir Michael! It is really a pity to break his golden images!

In the South African Market a notable feature is that the French are now sending over a considerable number of buying orders, showing the opinion held as to the total collapse of the Boer struggle.

Our portrait represents Mr. Robert ff. Davies, Lieutenant in the Victoria and St. George's Rifles, and the last member of the House to sail for South Africa on active service. We wish him every sort of good luck.

HOME RAILWAYS.

Concomitant with a "boomlet" in Yankees, the Home Railway Market did its level best to galvanise into life some of its laggard stocks, and for a day or two there really seemed a faint chance of a sustained rise being got under way. For this, the decision that some of the leading lines came to with regard to an agreement for the raising of rates was primarily responsible. Of course, such an agreement would be an immense boon to Home Railway stockholders, ground down with heavy expenditure, the tale of which seems never to end. When it became known, however, that the alterations would only take effect in minor charges instead of introducing an advance in coal rates, the stocks listlessly fell away again, and the market is bitterly disappointed that the greatly-longed-for coal agreement has again to be postponed.

Only by co-operation of this or another kind can the Railway Companies hope to maintain their dividends next August. The traffic-returns up to the present time are anything but brilliant, and we fear that the expenses show no signs of diminution. Moreover, the companies are likely to be seriously inconvenienced if the Railway Accidents Bill of Mr. Ritchie should get into the region of practical politics, as it appears likely to do. The Southern lines are, in our opinion, the only ones whose stocks are worth buying. Brighton "A" and Little Chathams are the most hopeful; Dover "A" is such a wretched market, and the price had a sharp rise last week, otherwise the stock seems to be speculatively worth par, with the Paris Exhibition coming on. South-Western stocks have always a top-heavy appearance, because the yield upon them is so small. North-Eastern Consols and North-Western Consolidated are both much better, so far as interest is concerned—in fact, if any of the "Heavies" are worth buying, we should select North-Western as the best for that purpose.

FROM HANNAN'S.

The private letter which (with the exception of a couple of paragraphs of no public interest) we print below has reached us from Kalgoorlie, and we think it just as well to let our readers see what a gentleman on the spot, with every opportunity of hearing the latest gossip, thinks about some of the most famous mines—

... I write to say that your North Boulder tip is not quite right. I grant that she has been good, but now she has practically nothing left; her reef is right on the boundary, and underlies into the Associated, who have as yet barely touched that source of revenue.

The North Boulder's last crushing averaged 5 dwt., but by sealing the plates the average was kept up. The great trouble here is that there is a quantity of lime in the telluride and sulphide ore. When the cyanide solution is pumped in, this forms a sort of cement instead of the solution percolating.

The Associated is a great property, only with awful management; their first lot of sulphide (2 oz. stuff) treated by their process was very much like stucco, and was put straightaway into the stopes to get it out of the way, no attempt

being made to secure an extraction. Nine buggy (carriage) horses are kept where the average mine keeps two.

The Lake View no one knows much about, except that her eyes have been picked out and there is not much battery (oxidised) stone left.

As an investment, Ivanhoes and Perseverances are far and away the best, having sufficient battery-stone to keep them going for three years yet, and by that time they will be able to adopt the best sulphide process.

As a speculation, Kalgurli and S. Kalgurli are good.

You must excuse my boring you in this way, but I get a lot of pleasure and thoughts of old days from *The Sketch*, and want to tell you what little I do know, and trust it may be of use.

Kalgoorlie, Feb. 16, 1900.

AMERICANS.

The spring boom in Yankees began sharp up-to-date, March 21, when our calendars told us that spring had begun, and when it was bitterly cold in the open air. Baltimore and Ohio started the movement, distinguishing themselves by a series of wonderful rises day after day, and taking the remainder of the market with them. The boom came as unaccountably as most others do; it was engineered in Wall Street, abetted by the Continent, and tardily shared in by London. For, as a matter of fact, London operators are doing very little in Americans, although, judging from the scenes in the Stock Exchange on Thursday and Friday last, one might have been excused for thinking that the British public were pulling the wires. The dealers in the market grew hotter and hoarser as the hours sped by, but by far the major part of their orders came from the arbitrage houses, and the more general jobbers declared that they still starved, although a few orders of the profit-taking description served to make their existence a little less tedious than usual.

Readers of these columns will feel no surprise at the sudden upward jump, since we have been prophesying it for the past three months. We candidly confess, however, that the "boom" has exceeded our own anticipations, and it is extremely difficult to tell how long the strength of Yankees may be expected to last. Opinions in the House are so much divided upon the subject that it is of no use recording what one prominent man or the other says, as five out of ten utterances would be flatly contradictory. It seems to us, however, that those who can secure a fair profit should do so, as without support from this side—and of that there seems small signs at present—prices cannot keep up at a "boomlet" level. But the flash in the market shows the temper of Wall Street, and, upon any decided relapse, the speculator would not go far wrong by laying-in Louisvilles, Atchison Prefs., or any other of the most active shares in the Yankee department.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

To be quite candid, I fancy that most of us are getting a little bit sick of the Khaki loan. It was all very well for a novelty, but the newspapers satiated us with details of the issue, our clients wrote by every post to sell for cash, and we ourselves in the House are doubtful as to whether it would not be wise to buy some more to add to our allotments, such purchases, of course, to be made for the Special Settlement. I have spoken to dozens of Housemen about the Loan, and the general consensus of opinion is that the stock is worth 3 premium. That is equal to 101½, by no means an extravagant figure, unless the British Empire should succumb before 1910, and be unable to pay off the Loan, as some noodle is suggesting in the paper to-day. Khakis at 3 premium are cheaper than Consols, and India 2½ per Cents. are cheaper than either, possessing the same advantage of being a Trustee stock. It looks distinctly as though the Colonial Inscribed stocks were coming into the Trustee list, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach stating the other night that the proposal was even now under the Government's serious consideration. Well, it means good times for The Kitchen in the Stock Exchange if ever such a thing is allowed. That it will come at some future period I have no doubt, but how near or how far off that moon is I can't pretend to say.

The House ought to get along well now. We have two fresh members sitting on the Committee for the first time on Monday, and the new brooms will find plenty to do. Easy as it may be for an unscrupulous promoter to manoeuvre a carriage-and-pair through any rule of the Stock Exchange, he will find it a more difficult matter to drive a Wildon Carr. That gentleman knows the ropes so thoroughly well that offenders against House-law need expect from him none of the mercy which springs from ignorance, and the strong steps which the Committee have lately taken to purge the Stock Exchange from offenders against their ethical code will find a ready supporter in the person of the Kafir Market's member. Mr. Cecil Braithwaite is principally known because of his firm's connection with the Brush Electrical Company and its various babies. Mr. Braithwaite is building himself a wonderful red house close to High Burnet Station, where he will have to behave with the utmost propriety, because just opposite lives the most famous City Editor of the day. It is rather funny when you come to think of it.

The Foreign Railway Market presents several attractive features at the present time. The excellent dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. paid by the Central Argentine Company should serve as the prelude of better things to come. The stock, however, has, so far, responded but little to the good announcement, and in "Bags" there has been something of a slump. Why, it is difficult to say;



LIEUTENANT R. ff. DAVIES.

the traffics of all the lines are steady to good, and the plague appears to have spent its force. The Argentine Railway Market is worth looking into by anyone who wants a fair speculative investment. Mexican Rails, I am glad to say, have been higher during the week. I know several Stock Exchange men who are quietly buying First and Second, but the market is too stagnant to make carrying-over worth while. Inter-Oceanic Ordinary are a popular tip, and stand at a popular price. The last I heard of them was 28s. 6d., and, considering the better outlook which seems dawning for silver countries, Mexican securities should be worth buying. Those of my readers who are casting round for a cheap investment might look up Mexican National "A" Debenture stock, which yields a good return and runs considerable risks of a substantial rise in the near future.

A client asked me the other day if I believed in newspaper tips (I give him the credit, anyway, of not being aware of my connection with *The Sketch*). What would you say, fair reader, were the same question put to you? Perhaps you would answer the query with another, something like this: If the writer of the "tip" knew for certain that his prophecy would be borne out by the course of the market, does anybody imagine that he would not buy all he could—or sell all he could—and make his fortune, without any necessity of telling other people about it? Supposing I knew for a fact that B. and O. shares will have a sharp drop—as I verily believe they will—do you think I would sit down and tell some thousands and thousands of readers? Not I. I would go straight into the House, sell as many shares as it was possible to do without disturbing the market, and wait the result, with the absolute knowledge that my fortune was made. You will say I am writing this against myself, because I drop little bits of advice and hints in every letter I write from the House. But I say, not at all. I want you, my courteous correspondent, to recognise that your claim to infallibility is just as great as mine. I point the way which seems to me the clearest; but, if it leads to debit instead of credit balance, that is a thing for which you must be prepared. And so it is, and ever was, and ever will be, with newspaper counsellors of any kind.

After that little disquisition, you will not, of course, be surprised at hearing me suggest Westralians to your notice as a goodly gamble. The market has suffered so greatly from the Associated and Lake View débâcles that hardly anyone has a word to say in its favour. This is the best time to think about buying. Gathering up the different views of jobbers, of which I am always a diligent seeker, Associated appear to be considered too vast a gamble for the ordinary man, who would probably do better if he turned his attention to Ivanhoes or Great Boulder Perseverance. Both are among the "heavy" shares of the market, which is rather against them. For cheaper speculations, I still stick to Great Boulder South and Hannan's Oroya, both of which are likely to go better as soon as the public looks into the market once more.

Deep-Level shares are mostly in demand in the Kaffir Circus. The controlling houses are trying to infuse a little animation into the Deep division, and a slight amount of public buying is also discernible. The contention is that, although the Boers may blow up some of the outcrop mines, they won't have much chance of seriously damaging the Deep-Levels, and that these companies are likely to come out of the War at smaller cost than any others in the Kaffir Market. There is, of course, a good deal of force in the argument, which was advanced six months ago in a paper called, if I remember rightly, *The Sketch*, but the difficulty is to know what are the best Deep, or Deeper Deep, to buy. To adopt one of Mr. Higham's clever illustrations: A would-be purchaser of Deep-Levels is like an organist seated blindfold at his instrument. He pulls out a stop at random, and it may be the one he wants, or it may be quite the reverse. One day, Rand Victorias are all the go; on the next, the market in them has dried up. You may buy Simmer East, and the shop will come and bid for Simmer West. The spirits of the vasty Deep (I do not refer in any way to the Boat-Race) call to us, but what to follow it is hard to tell. *Chacun à son goût*, as the French say and

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

COPPER SHARES.

The splendid dividend of 45s. per share, making £4 for the whole year, which the Rio Tinto Company declared last Thursday, failed to infuse any particular strength into the market for Copper shares. At which we rather wonder, because, if the premier mine can make such a magnificent showing, the lesser lights should, in their turn, be able to delight their proprietors in their own proportion. Rio Deferred, indeed, fell a shade when the directors' decision was made known, but this was a natural reaction after the mighty upward march that has taken the shares from 25 to 56. At 55, the yield on Tintos is about 7½ per cent., taking last year's dividend as a basis of reckoning. Stock Exchange opinion leans to the belief that the apex of high prices in the market for the metal is within sight—even if it be not already reached—hence Rio Tintos are considered dangerous, even though they yield so handsome a rate of dividend. We do not think, however, that the moment for a collapse in the price of copper is near at hand. What seems a worse danger, in our eyes, is that the market may soon be threatened with over-production, when the copper-mines in America, and others which have been opened again after long closing-down, shall take their places in the ranks of producers. It takes, roughly speaking, a couple of years to bring an abandoned copper-mine to the output stage, and, as the "boom" in the metal has now lasted about a year, another twelvemonth may see the production exceeding the demand. For the present, however, there is a huge and increasing call for copper in connection with the extension of electrical lighting, cable-laying, and armament manufacture, all of which are bringing enormous orders to the copper companies.

Anacondas as a speculation may be a cheap purchase, but since the issue of the returns has been stopped, and the concern has passed into the hands of the Americans, we have lost faith in the company. Cape Copper Ordinary are reviving, consequent upon the renewed activity in Paris, where the shares are largely held; and Cape Prefs., those old favourites of ours, can be sold at a handsome profit by those who bought them on our advice. But perhaps the best market to dabble in, if the buyer must have copper, is that of the Mount Lyell group. The shares should be bought to put away, and a purchase either of Mount Lyell or North Mount Lyell is likely to turn out remuneratively in the not far distant future.

FOREIGN RAILS.

The Argentine Railway dividends are, as we anticipated, turning out well, the Central paying 3½ per cent., making 6 per cent. for the year,

against 4½ for 1898. When the report is out, we fully expect that it will appear that between 7 and 8 per cent. has, in fact, been earned. All the traffic-returns continue favourable, ranging from an £8000 increase of the Rosario Company downwards; and not only do Argentine roads show these expanding figures, but in Mexico the same story is told, and that favourite stock of ours, Inter-Oceanic "A" Debentures, is now quoted at over 106. As the full 7 per cent. appears assured for the year ending June 30 next, it cannot be called dear even at the enhanced price. All round, the Foreign Railway Market appears to offer still more plums than any other spot in the Stock Exchange.

Among the securities we have recommended are Rio Claro shares, and there is a scheme on foot for this company to acquire the Paulista undertaking. In the year 1892 the Rio Claro Railway was sold to the Paulista, subject to the mortgage, which its debenture-holders refused to relinquish, and some £2,750,000 5 per cent. Paulista Bonds were handed over as the purchase price. These Bonds were redeemable year by year, and, as the redemption took place, the proceeds had to be invested in Trustee securities, so that the income available for dividend was diminishing as the security improved; in addition to which, complications with the debenture-holders would certainly have arisen when the whole of the Bonds were redeemed, and a scheme has now been arranged, subject to the approval of the shareholders of both companies. It is proposed that the present Rio Claro 5 per cent. Debentures shall be a first charge on both properties, that then there shall be a new 4½ per cent. Debenture stock of £1,250,000, and that the Rio Claro shares shall rank next, with a fixed dividend in perpetuity. The Paulista shareholders are to get Preference and Ordinary shares. As the Rothschilds are behind the scheme, there appears little doubt of its going through.

THE MANILA RAILWAY RECONSTRUCTION.

The line has been about as unfortunate as any such venture can be, for even the £285,000 Prior Lien Bonds are in arrear with interest since July last. Of course, the War has contributed considerably to its misfortunes, but as long ago as 1895 it was in deep water, and went into liquidation for the purpose of arranging its liabilities. A reconstruction scheme is now offered, which provides for raising £200,000 by mortgage ahead of all existing securities, to make good the damage done by the War and to get rid of the floating debt. Of course, it is hoped that the company will receive compensation for the damage suffered from the insurgents and by warlike operations, but, apart from this, we feel confident that, as soon as peace is properly restored and trade begins to revive, as it will do under the Stars and Stripes, the line cannot help getting out of the Slough of Despond into which it has fallen, and, as soon as the rearrangement of the capital has been sanctioned, some of the junior securities will be by no means bad speculations, especially for those of our readers who are willing to lock them up, believing in the prospect of the steady improvement under Anglo-Saxon rule.

"MATHIESON'S HANDBOOK FOR INVESTORS."

Frederick C. Mathieson and Sons have just issued "Mathieson's Handbook for Investors," which shows at a glance particulars of prices and dividends for the past ten years of the principal securities officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and also of some mining and kindred companies; the number of shares or amount of stock issued is also given, dates when interest or dividends are due, particulars of reconstruction or rearrangement of capital, and other notes of interest to the investor. The number of securities quoted in the book amounts to about 2000; Bank Rates of discount for past ten years, particulars about Trustee investment, &c., are also given. The work is well done, and should be in the hands of every investor, especially as it costs only a modest 2s. 6d.

Saturday, March 24, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

F. B. E. (Kalgoorlie).—We have written to you by this mail, and hope you will get our letter.

H. J. W.—The price is 53 to 56, and the Company is said, like most of the Coal and Iron concerns, to be doing very well at present.

CARLINGFORD.—We should hold for better prices. The concern has been successful in its lawsuit, and there appears a prospect of improvement in the price of the raw commodity.

RHODESIA.—You are entitled to call upon the liquidator for an account and to know what he has realised by sale of your interest. Write and ask for this, and let us see his answer. If the liquidator refuses to tell you, consult a solicitor, who will, no doubt, advise you to take action either by a summons in the liquidation, or, if that is closed, by action.

W. F. D.—The list does not appear to us to be attractive. We prefer Nos. 5 and 6, but there are many more attractive investments. Say (1) Inter-Oceanic of Mexico 7 per cent. "A" or "B" Debentures; (2) Industrial Trust Unified Stock; (3) Nobel's Dynamite Trust; (4) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures.

LEX.—From the manager's report, there is no reason to think that payable ore will be found, and to join the reconstruction is therefore a mere gamble. New Zealand is a country of rich patches, and anything might happen. The Menzies concern is next-door to the Lady Shenton, and might be worth putting a little more money into.